The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 8 AUGUST 1947

ONE WHO SERVES

A Tribute to the Relief Society Visiting Teachers

Dorothy J. Roberts

What quiet understanding lies
Behind those calm and kindly eyes;
What secrets safe within that breast
Beneath her words that heal and rest,
What treasures through her mind have passed,
Unwritten tales her heart holds fast.
From every house some noble strain
Rings through the years, a blessed refrain;
What drama and what tragedy
She shares in silence, willingly;
What education of the heart
That, later, springs of wisdom start.
Where flames have pillaged, none are cold;
Her hand-stitched comforters enfold
The destitute. Her palm has eased
The mother who is terror-seized
Before the childbirth mystery;
What title may her service rate;
Who holds no college doctorate;
What power, that these homes revere
And hold her briefest visit dear.

The Cover: "The Teachers Go Calling," Photograph by Willard Luce. The models are Loleta Dixon and Lois McEwan of Provo, Utah.

Courtesy, W. Atlee Burpee

GLADIOLI

Where There's a Will

VISITING TEACHERS—HOW THEY TRAVELED

Donna Durrant Sorensen

Former Second Counselor, General Board of Relief Society

WHEN the "Necessity Committee" of sixteen members was formed in Nauvoo, in 1843, to do friendly visiting, this promise was made to them: "The spirit of the Lord will help you in it," and this spirit, through the years since, has moved them to tremendous physical effort under many different conditions. How visiting teachers have traveled in paying a monthly visit to the Latter-day Saint families in the Church recounts like a saga, and one is amazed at the indomitable woman-will displayed in situations which taxed her ingenuity, but which left her undaunted in the face of the "call."

Those women of early days, chosen to represent the Society as a "contact arm," were but the first of hundreds of thousands of women whose devotion to duty, singleness of purpose, and unremitting toil have led and continue to lead them to travel many thousands of miles through the dust and heat of summer, the cold and snow of winters, along country roads and to the topmost floors of large apartment houses, all in the line of duty.

In Nauvoo the women usually walked from one home to another to gather their reports on the condition of the saints, and, since that time, walking has undoubtedly been the most usual mode of travel in doing visiting teaching.

Relief Society women in pairs have been assigned to visit each home. A visiting teacher for forty-eight years in one of the southern Utah settlements recalls that she had the same district and the same companion for ten years of that time, and they walked to do their teaching:

> We were having our families then, so often had to take our babies with us. As it would take us the most of a day, we were often treated to homemade root beer in the summer, and in the winter the sisters would ask us in to the fire to warm up. . . . There were no pavements in those days, and we would have to push the baby buggy through the mud. We would often lose our rubbers and really have a hard time to cross the streets. In the summer it was hot and dusty, but, hot or cold, dust or mud, and no matter how busy we were, we always planned to do our teaching on time. And the Lord blessed us in our work.

Until 1943, the visiting teachers accepted contributions for charitable purposes, and one early-day teacher recounts:

> My partner and I would receive contributions of food, soap, clothing, carpet rags, meat, butter, dried fruits, wild berries, etc. We always carried a basket and a sack. The eggs and perishable produce would be put in the basket and the rest in the sack. Sometimes we would receive so many things that we would have to leave them at the homes and go back the next day. If we came into a home where help was needed, we would often stop on our way to help care for the sick, or give a tired mother a helping hand, or take home

Photograph by L. C. Thorne

VISITING TEACHING IN A BUGGY

Sarah Bartlett Bingham and Evelyn B. Richardson of Vernal, Utah, ready for a trip in a buggy.

the unfinished knitting of much-needed stockings. Sometimes, we would return in the evening and sit up with the sick and at Christmas time we would see that each family had something special for their holiday cheer.

When the people made grain donations and contributions of like nature, the teachers would have to gather them by team and wagon. At a later period most of the contributions consisted of money.

In the colonizing of the various valleys of the Far West, small settlements were established, but still there were isolated families to be visited. In the early period of colonization wagons were used to take the sisters on their visits. Many times this would necessitate the removal of the team for the entire day from the planting and harvesting. As noontime approached, these women would be asked to dinner in one of the homes.

ONE elderly sister, who is now nearing her ninetieth birthday, lived during her early married life in a farming community of scattered homes. On four different occasions as she and her companion went in a wagon to do their visiting teaching, she was called upon to assist at the birth of a baby. The words of Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph, at the second meeting of the Relief Society, could not have been more literally lived: "We must cherish one another, comfort one another, and watch over one another."

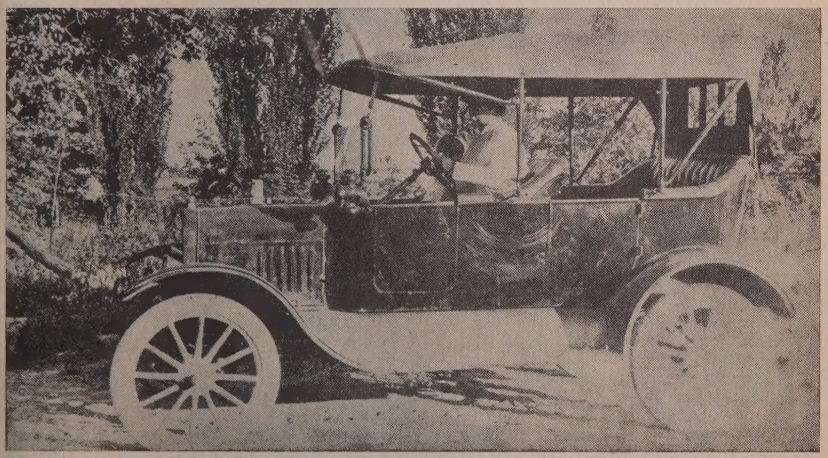
As time went on and people became more prosperous, the wagons used for visiting teaching were replaced by buggies. Two teachers who used a one-horse, light buggy to travel over their district in a scattered vicinity took with them their nursing babies, whom they carried with them into the homes. At one home they visited they decided the

next home would be reached quicker by walking through the fields. As both of their babies were fast asleep they asked young Mrs. M———, who also had a sleeping baby, if she would mind if they left their babies there with her while they made their next visit. This was agreed upon and the teachers started out. However, they had not gone far before they heard Mrs. M——— calling in a loud voice, "Come quickly, all three babies are awake!"

Wintertime brought hazards to those who traveled long distances to visit. Many times the teachers would start out in good weather only to find themselves in a sudden severe snowstorm far from home. Although they sometimes suffered from the extreme cold and many times arrived home hours late, still they were protected and none lost her life. In midwinter, when the snow was heavy on the ground, they hitched their teams to bobsleighs and thus covered their districts. In one community a team of mules was often used on a wagon in good weather and on a sleigh in the winter.

In many communities the women went horseback to do their teaching. A woman now in her eighties relates that she and a companion, both at the age of nineteen, were chosen to be teachers in a little Latter-day Saint settlement. They rode horseback to do their teaching in the ward, comprising twelve families who lived up and down a creek for a distance of five miles.

Women still travel by horseback. In one of the northern states, where the snow lies some sixty inches deep in the winter, a mother and her daughter, during the bad weather, travel in this manner because they can cover more territory in less time.



Photograph, Courtesy Muriel S. Wallis

VISITING TEACHING IN AN EARLY MODEL FORD

Parmelia F. Batty of Vernal, Utah, former stake Relief Society president, and her companion.

Photograph, Courtesy Naomi Chandler

VISITING TEACHING ON HORSEBACK
Weiser Stake, Idaho

Naomi Chandler and Fanny Chandler

DISTANCE is not only a problem in sparsely populated districts, but in large urban centers as well, where Latter-day Saint families may be living far apart. Visiting teaching, in such cases, is done by bus, by street car, and by subway, thus requiring a tremendous amount of time to be spent between visits. However, a group in one mission field found that the visiting teachers were not able to walk the distances and so a motor corps of eighteen women was organized, composed of women with cars who could drive. These sisters called for the visiting teachers and drove them to the homes in their districts. In 1931, this group visited from two hundred thirty-five to two hundred sixty-five families each month, and traveled monthly four hundred miles.

The second World War necessarily brought some curtailment to visiting teaching in many parts of the world. The visiting teachers in one European country, where they had used bicycles to get to the homes, found that they could not purchase new tires. This did not deter them, however, for during the war they used their bicycles without tires and rode on the rims to visit the families. In the United States, however, it was not unusual to find the visiting teachers pooling their supply of gasoline to cover the miles which intervened between families.

Not only have hundreds of thousands of women served in the capacity of a visiting teacher, but they have probably served as long, or in many cases, longer, than those in other offices within the organization. At a recent stake party, a tribute was paid the women who had the longest visiting teaching service records. Seven women, representing the seven wards in the stake, had served the following numbers of years: sixty-seven, thirty-five, forty, forty-six, forty-four, twenty, and thirty-five.

But the tale is not told in its entirety by the length of the service. Truly, we may say with Emerson, "The only gift is a portion of thyself." This the visiting teachers give through their spirits which have warmed, comforted, and blessed those whom they have visited. Their hands have been ready to help, and their hearts have led them into the ways of most helpfulness. As a present-day teacher has expressed it: "I just go and help break the measles out, when it's necessary."

Because they have been willing to

Photograph by Willard Luce

VISITING TEACHERS AT THE GATE

Photograph, Courtesy Grace E. Allphin

VISITING TEACHING IN A SLEIGH
Lovell West Ward, Big Horn Stake, Wyoming

Seated front row, left to right: Sofe Johnson; Clara Adams, the oldest visiting teacher in the ward; Rhoda Harrison; R. Fred Harrison.

Back row, left to right: Della Tippets; Elma Mickelson; Enid Bassett (child); Lea Bassett; Eva Emmett.

Photograph, courtesy Verna Murphy

HAWAIIAN RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS MAKING A CALL

Left to right: Sister Ohia Ferriera (in chair); visiting teachers, Makaole Kaleo and Anna Mahi.

Photograph, Courtesy Lenora K. Bringhurst

DRESSED READY FOR VISITING TEACHING BY DOG TEAM AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

Front row, left to right: Esther Woodcox; Minnie Carroll; Thelma V. Walker; Eleanor C. Berrett.

Second row, left to right: Florence Lauritzen; Sharon Berrett; Arva Carroll; Rebecca Arend; Mae Oldroyd; Mike Agbaba, whose dog team won the first prize at Fairbanks Winter Carnival in 1946.

exchange the push of circumstances for the pull of a strong worthwhile purpose, the visiting teachers have learned the love of sisterhood, and have been a tremendous force in welding together the individual members of Relief Society into a united whole, and with a consequent building of the kingdom. Indeed, we might say each teacher would concur with the words of Lord Shaftsbury:

> During a long life I have found that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver and becomes a chain binding men with golden bands to the throne of God.

THE VISITING TEACHER

Lottie Hammer Singley

I do not have a golden voice
To sing my song to men;
I do not have a silver tongue
Nor wield a clever pen.

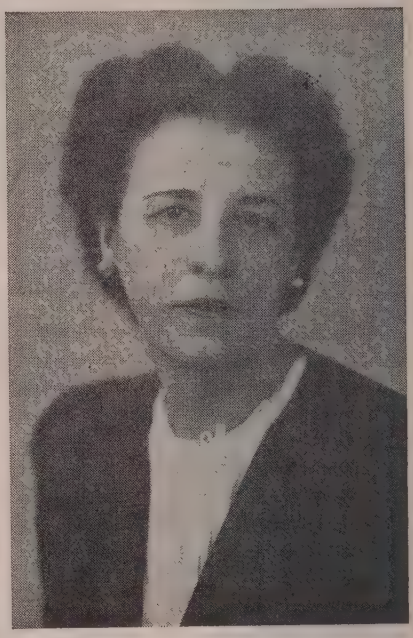
But I feel deeply others' woes,
My soul is gay and bright;
So I will comfort, bless, and cheer
To make their burdens light.

Ethel Colton Smith, New Member of the General Board

Reka H. Cummings

Former President, Highland Stake Relief Society

ETHEL Colton Smith was named a member of the General Board, July 2, 1947. In calling her to this position, the General Presidency of Relief Society has recognized a worker who possesses an unusual combination of characteristics which qualify her well and which will enable her to render valuable service to the women of the Church. She has a keen mind and is efficient and direct in her approach to anything she undertakes. She is painstaking and makes a work of art out of whatever she does—be it sewing a patch on a small boy's overall, wrapping a Christmas package, preparing a meal, or a project of greater proportions and importance. With all her efficiency and artistry, she is, above all, a lover of her fellow men. Some of us are religious in heart; she is religious in deed. She is generous, tolerant, and sympathetic; and the rendering of concrete service to neighbors, friends, and family has occupied her life.



ETHEL COLTON SMITH

The virtues of this new General Board member have had steady growth and nurture throughout her life. When she was ten years of age her mother died and she, her sister, and her brother went to live with their grandparents, Sterling Driggs Colton and Nancy Wilkins Colton. Their father died two years later and they remained in the home of these good people who brought them up as their own children. Ethel assumed a large part of the responsibility for her younger sister's care. It is remembered in the family how she taught this little sister to care for her clothes, to be neat and clean; and how she worked and planned and sacrificed to give her opportunities. From her stalwart and honest grandfather, Ethel learned the value of time and the importance of being prompt and dependable. Her grand-

mother was a Relief Society stake president in Uintah Stake for many years and was beloved by all who knew her for her administrations to the sick, for her comforting and encouraging words in time of trouble, and for her generosity in time of need. Early in her life Ethel saw compassionate service, which is a vital part of the Relief Society plan, rendered in its fullest measure, and learned of the joy that comes from self-sacrifice in service to others. She has a deep love for Relief Society and is a firm believer in its divine origin and purpose.

Sister Smith was born in Whiterocks, Uintah County, Utah. Her parents were Sterling LeRoy Colton and Lula Camp Colton. She received her education in the public schools and the Uintah Academy at Vernal, Utah, and at the Latter-day Saints College, Salt Lake City. She was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Elwin F. Smith, who is the appraiser for Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company. They have a nine-year-old son, Robert Colton Smith.

Sister Smith is an experienced business secretary and has been an active worker in the P.T.A. and the Red Cross organizations. She has always been active in the Church, having taught in Primary, Sunday School, and M.I.A. organizations. For five and a half years she was a member of the Highland Stake Relief Society board, acting as secretary-treasurer for four and a half years of that time. Working closely with Ethel during those years, I learned to know her well and to appreciate her ability. Her spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation made it a joy to work with her; and to give her an assignment was to know that it would be completed promptly and well, with every detail carefully worked out. Her knowledge of the fundamental rules and policies of the Relief Society organization, and her helpful suggestions for putting them into practice were invaluable in carrying out the program in Highland Stake. She has rendered efficient, effective service to the Society and to the women with whom she worked and associated. They wish her joy and success in her new assignment. In this calling she will continue to serve well. Whatever she is given to do she will do with purpose and directness, tempered with humility, wisdom, and good judgment. And, permeating all her efforts, will be a spirit of tolerance, love, and compassion for her fellow men.

ERRATUM

Attention is called to a mistake in the July 1947 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, page 351, in which the name of Sister David O. McKay is given as Jennette Evans McKay. This is the name of Brother McKay's mother. Sister David O. McKay's name is Emma Rae Riggs McKay.

A Visit to the Hawaiian Islands

President Belle S. Spafford

ON December 12, 1850, Elder George Q. Cannon, in company with nine other elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, landed at Honolulu on the beautiful isle of Oahu. Groves of coconut trees with their tall trunks and long, graceful leaves, as well as other trees of endless variety, masses of living green from the root upward, being covered with a multitude of vines and creepers of many kinds, were growing abundantly on the isle. There were blooming shrubs, ferns and flowers. In fact, so beautiful were the isles of the Hawaiian group that Elder Cannon declared: "We longed to tread upon them."

These elders had been sent to preach the gospel to the Haole (white) people of the Hawaiian Islands, then called the Sandwich Islands. They soon saw, however, that little could be done among this class of people on the islands. Some of the elders favored returning home, but Elder Cannon, seeing himself surrounded by a whole nation who ought to be taught the message of salvation which God had empowered them to carry, was so urgently impressed with the feeling that he should stay and teach the gospel to the native people that he declared that if all should leave, he, though the youngest of the group, would remain, learn the language, and do his duty as an elder to that people even though he did not baptize a soul. Consequently, he and some of the elders did remain. They acquired the language and were the means in the hands of God of bringing large numbers to a knowledge of restored truth.

Since that time nearly one hundred years ago, many, many missionaries have taught the gospel to the inhabitants of these mountainous isles of the Hawaiian group; and these people, the seed of Israel, have accepted the truth until, today, two fine missions and a great stake of Zion are established there; a sacred temple and a great tabernacle have been erected by the Church and are viewed with interest by thousands who visit the islands annually.

A visit to this romantic country under ordinary circumstances would be delightful; to go there and mingle with the choice, sweet-spirited women who have accepted the gospel and who, imbued with its spirit, are carrying forward the work of Relief Society, is a privilege and a blessing.

Recently, in company with Sister Velma N. Simonsen, General Board member, I enjoyed such an opportunity, when, upon assignment of the General Board, we went to the islands to conduct meetings with the Relief Society sisters there.

On April 23, we arrived at Honolulu to be greeted at the dock by President and Sister Ralph Woolley of Oahu Stake, President and Sister Melvyn A. Weenig of the Central Pacific Mission, Relief Society stake and ward officers and members, missionaries, and friends. Only one who has been greeted at the dock amid the music of the Royal Hawaiian

VELMA N. SIMONSEN, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD, AND PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD

These sisters are wearing the beautiful leis which were presented to them by stake and mission officers, Relief Society sisters, missionaries, and friends, on the occasion of their arrival at Honolulu to conduct Relief Society conventions.

Band, with the gorgeous, colorful, fragrant flower leis and the loving aloha of these warm-hearted people can fully appreciate the experience. All of the warmth, beauty, and hospitality of the land seem to combine in extending a lavish welcome. Although we had never before seen most of those who greeted us, they seemed not strangers to us, but dear, intimate friends.

The Relief Societies of the Islands had not been visited by a General Board representative since the visit of Sister Louise Y. Robison in August 1937. All were eager to meet together to consider the work of Relief Society. In Oahu Stake, meetings were held for Relief Society stake executive officers, stake board members, stake and ward officers, and class leaders, as well as for the general Relief Society membership. Relief Society was favored in having Priesthood representatives in attendance at most of the meetings. Administrative and secretarial work was discussed, as well as the educational and welfare programs of the Society.

The Oahu Stake Relief Society board is presided over by Sister

Mary Tyau, with Sister Sai Lang Aki and Sister Mary Taylor as counselors, and Sister Rose Smith as secretary-treasurer. The following sisters serve as stake board members: Rachel Wakefield, Eliza Salm, Julia Doyle, Helen Ellis, Emma Mossman, and Kamaile Kauhini.

EVEN though this stake is so far removed from headquarters and visits from General Board representatives are infrequent, the programs and procedures recommended by the General Board are followed with marked exactness. The leaders in both stake and ward organizations have vision, and their understanding of the work of Relief Society is readily apparent. Visits to two regular ward Relief Society meetings, one at Kaimuki Ward and one at Waikiki Ward, were heartening, revealing administrative strength and demonstrating how carefully the sisters follow the uniform programs of the Society, how appropriate the lessons are for the sisters, and how well they are received.

The welfare work of the Society receives constant attention. Compassionate services are not neglected. In line with the teachings of the Church that the individual and the family must provide for themselves in so far as they are able, home gardens are encouraged. The sisters are urged to have welfare cupboards in their homes and to keep them stocked with commodities in sufficient amount to take care of their own family needs for at least a year and to allow some extra which may be shared with others. The women are being taught to draft patterns and to make the clothing for their families, and to practice thrift and economy in their homes.

One of the outstanding functions held by the Oahu Stake during our visit was the program and social on Saturday evening, April 26, at the tabernacle. The affair was under the direction of the Relief Society stake board with each ward participating. Important phases of Relief Society work were depicted in story, dialogue, living pictures, and glorious music. The climax of the program was a fashion show in which attractive clothes made by the Relief Society women were displayed. The occasion was made very beautiful by the sisters, adorned with fragrant leis, wearing gorgeous colorful holokus—the formal Hawaiian dress with long train. To describe these picturesque gowns and do justice to them is impossible. Some idea of their beauty may be gained from the picture on page 523.

Following the program in the tabernacle, a feast and a program of music and dancing were held in the garden with Priesthood representatives and their wives, missionaries and friends joining the Relief Society sisters in an evening of entertainment marked by its festiveness, bounteousness, gayety, and spirit of fellowship. The music of ukelele and guitar accompanied the lovely Hawaiian women and children as they danced with grace and artistry the Hawaiian hula.

To relate the activities of Oahu Stake would be incomplete without mention of the Lanakila Ward bazaar where fine handwork of the sisters was offered for sale and native food was served. Many Hawaiian quilts, which have long been famous for their originality of design and ex-

pert workmanship, were displayed for sale. This display of quilts made us aware of the importance of preserving this unique native art.

To taste the native food, particularly poi, is an experience to which every visitor to the Islands looks forward. Poi, the principal food of the Hawaiians, is made from taro root. Taro patches are so made that they can be covered with water and the ground is never allowed to be uncovered. In making poi, the cooked taro root is pounded to a paste and allowed to ferment. Water is added and it is mixed until it is about the consistency of mush. We had several opportunities to taste poi. Although we did not eat it with the same degree of relish as did the Hawaiian people, it was not distasteful to us, and we agreed that should we remain on the islands we might in time become "poi enthusiasts."

IF one visited only Oahu he would not fully appreciate the Hawaiian Islands. A trip to the other islands of the Hawaiian group adds to his understanding and appreciation of this land of sunshine, flowers, music, and aloha. We felt fortunate in being invited by President and Sister Castle Murphy to meet with the Relief Society sisters of the Hawaiian Mission. We were welcomed to the Island of Hawaii by Sister Murphy and Sister Piilani Needham, district Relief Society president, who received us with orchid leis and the same warm spirit of sisterhood which we had felt at Oahu.

After a delightful drive about Hilo we held our first meeting with the Relief Society sisters of the Hawaiian Mission, Monday evening, April 28. The meeting followed a three-day mission conference. We were happily surprised at the large

RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI, May 1, 1947

Left to right: Hannah Apo, East Maui District Relief Society President; General President Belle S. Spafford; Verna F. Murphy, former President Hawaiian Mission Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Sister Rose Kaaa, West Maui District Relief Society President.

RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF OAHU DISTRICT, CENTRAL PACIFIC MISSION

These women prepared and served a typical Japanese "sukiyaki" dinner to approximately seventy-five guests of four different nationalities: Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, and Haole (Caucasian), May 7, 1947, honoring Sisters Belle S. Spafford and Velma Simonsen of the Relief Society General Board during their visit to the Hawaiian Islands. The girls in the picture are wearing the Japanese national costume, the kimono and obi. The evening's entertainment consisted of Japanese and Hawaiian music and songs.

Front row kneeling, left to right: Mitsuko Kaneshige, President, Lanakila Branch; Sumako Abo of Wahiawa Branch; April Hamaguchi, First Counselor, Lanakila Branch; Ann Haraguchi, Secretary of the Mission Branch; Hazel Ikenaga of the Mission Branch; Mildred Nako of Kalihi Branch; Miyoko Akagi, Secretary, Wahiawa Branch; Sharon Ikegami of the Mission Branch.

Second row standing, left to right: Grace D. Nishimoto of the Mission Branch; Sachiko Kochi, Secretary, Lanakila Branch; Teruko Akamine, Second Counselor, Lanakila Branch; Ann Doak, Oahu Stake; Mary Evelyn Bullock, lady missionary; Vera Hepworth, lady missionary; Velma N. Simonsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, President, General Board of Relief Society; Almeda Forsythe, Oahu Stake; Margaret M. Mick, lady missionary; Marjory Lou Martin, lady missionary; Fudako Naka, Mission Branch; Katherine Takeuchi, lady missionary; Kimiyo Akagi, First Counselor, Wahiawa Branch.

attendance. The hall had been decorated for the occasion by the religious education class with potted plants of white and purple orchids. Here, as in the Oahu Stake, we found the Relief Society in good condition.

Throughout the Hawaiian Mission the courses of study as outlined in *The Relief Society Magazine* are taught. Lessons are translated into the Hawaiian language for the older sisters' benefit, and the younger women have classes in English. The sisters value highly the educational program because of the personal development which they gain through it, and because of its benefit to them in their homes. The sisters understand the function of Relief Society as an aid to mission and branch

presidents in meeting Welfare needs among Latter-day Saint people.

The report of the activities of Relief Society in alleviating the distress of tidal wave sufferers was evidence of the capable manner in which the Relief Society sisters meet their Welfare responsibilities. At the time of the tidal wave, the sisters of the Relief Society worked hand in hand with the Red Cross, giving their time, supplying boxes of clothing, bedding, and food for the relief of the injured and homeless. They also stood ready to provide shelter for those in need. Many Latter-day Saints of this mission acknowledge with gratitude the work of Relief Society and testify of the goodness of the Lord to them during this disaster, telling of how they were miraculously preserved through faith and prayer.

Before leaving Hawaii, we were favored with a delightful two-day trip around this beautiful volcanic island, viewing the great craters of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, the great lava flows, and other points of unusual scenic beauty.

We arrived at Maui on May Day —"Lei Day" in the Hawaiian Islands. On this day elaborate programs are conducted in the schools and by community groups. A May queen and native dancing are featured in all programs. Awards are given for the most beautiful and for the most original leis. We could not have chosen a more interesting day to visit Maui.

Our meeting was held at Wailuku on the Island of Maui, following a banquet at the hotel for the Relief Society sisters and their daughters. During the dinner hour brief interesting talks were presented with Sister Rose Kaaa, district Relief Society president, conducting. The meeting was a discussion meeting

LEI DAY (MAY DAY) FESTIVAL ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI

Velma N. Simonsen of the General Board of Relief Society and President Belle S. Spafford are seen in the background. The May Queen is centered in the picture.

HAWAIIAN BANQUET (LUAU) GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE VISITING GENERAL BOARD MEMBERS AT THE HOME OF MARY TAYLOR, SECOND COUNSELOR, OAHU STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY, HONOLULU, May 6, 1947

Seated on the left side of the table, left to right: Sai Lang Aki, First Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Brother Henry W. Aki; Mary Tyau, President, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Brother KiFon Tyau; Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society; Melvyn Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission.

Seated at the right side of the table, left to right: Arthur K. Parker, Counselor, Oahu Stake presidency; Sister Parker; Ralph E. Wooley, President, Oahu Stake; Sister Woolley; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Elder Ross Taylor.

and the special problems of the Relief Society of this district were considered.

The Relief Society sisters of the Hawaiian Mission show special interest in the visiting teaching program. This work is gaining impetus here and the increased attendance at regular Relief Society meetings is in large measure attributed to the increased visiting teaching activities.

Returning to Oahu from the Island of Maui, we had a short, but delightful stop at the Island of Molokai where we had the privilege of meeting a number of the Relief Society sisters, although time did not permit us to conduct a meeting with them.

UPON returning to Honolulu, we were privileged, upon invitation of President and Sister Melvyn Weenig, to meet with the Relief Society sisters of the Central Pacific Mission. Most of the members are young Japanese women full of enthusiasm for the work of the Society, with strong testimonies of the truth of the gospel, and with many capabilities. Although we had met a number of the sisters from the Central Pacific Mission at meetings held for the Oahu Stake, and at meetings held for the sisters of the Hawaiian Mission, we were delighted to hold a special conference session for this group. This session was held on Fast Sunday morning at

which excellent talks were given by Relief Society sisters. These talks revealed the fine insight of these young Japanese women into the great purposes of Relief Society, as well as their deep appreciation for all that the organization offers them.

The regular Fast Day service which followed the Relief Society conference was a rich, spiritual experience. Missionaries and Latter-day Saint servicemen in attendance bore strong testimonies of the truth of the restored gospel. I could not help but feel how comforted the mothers of these young people would be could they have heard them bear their testimonies that day. A young Japanese missionary girl received her honorable release from missionary service. Her Buddhist parents were on the stand and, although they had not accepted the belief to which she was giving her full devotion, their love for her and their pride in her work were plainly evident. The testimonies of the members of the mission were impressive, showing the deep conviction of the truth of the gospel in the

OAHU STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD ENTERTAINS GENERAL BOARD MEMBERS AT HONOLULU, May 6, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: President Belle S. Spafford; Sai Lang Aki, First Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Mary Tyau, President Oahu Stake Relief Society; Mary Taylor, Second Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, member of the General Board.

Standing, left to right: Helen Ellis; Kamaile Kauhini; Emma Mossman; Rachel Wakefield; Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society; Irene K. Peters; Rose Smith; Romania Hyde Woolley, wife of Ralph E. Woolley, President, Oahu Stake; Julia Doyle.

hearts of these people. One could not visit with the saints of the Central Pacific Mission without realizing that this small but growing mission is full of great promise.

A social function which we shall long remember was the "sukiyaki" dinner served at the mission home by the sisters of the Central Pacific Mission. A large group was in attendance including missionaries and many members of the Oahu Stake. Gay in Japanese kimonos and obis, with hibiscus in our hair, we sat on cushions on the floor at low tables and were served delicious Japanese food which we saw cooked on the iron kettles before us.

We enjoyed many delightful social functions during our visit. Space does not allow us to mention all. However, a report of our trip would be incomplete without reference to the luau, the Hawaiian feast, given by the Oahu Stake Board at the home of Counselor Mary Taylor, which gave us opportunity to taste foods prepared as only the Hawaiians can prepare them, and to wear our gorgeous silk holokus. Two of these lovely gowns, made by Relief Society sisters from patterns drafted by them were presented to us. We shall always prize these gowns because they represent the workmanship and love of our sisters of Oahu.

The Latter-day Saint people of the Hawaiian Islands are looking forward to observing in July the Centennial of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley. The gospel is very dear to these people. Even though they live on these faraway islands, the story of the westward trek of the pioneers and the establishment of Church headquarters in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake is the history of their brothers and sisters who pioneered that the Church which they love might become mighty in the midst of the Rocky Mountains and expand its borders to the far corners of the earth; that this gospel which was taken to the Hawaiian Islands nearly one hundred years ago might be carried to the honest in heart everywhere; that the lives of people might be sweet and pure; that they shall hunger not, neither thirst.

This trip to the Islands has further demonstrated to me the strength of Relief Society leadership and the devotion of Relief Society women to the great work of the Society; my testimony of the divine inspiration which directed the Prophet Joseph Smith when he founded this Society has been strengthened, and my knowledge of the truth of the restored gospel has been made more sure.

EVENING

Oliver K. Meservy

When, from the crowding work of day,
At twilight I am free,
I love to walk among the trees
And with my Maker be.

And then my soul, in gratitude,
Offers up a prayer;
In the glory of the woodland,
I feel God's presence there.

"THE PLACE"

Lizabeth Wall

They stood for a long time, watching and wondering,
These strange, proud people in a strange, new land,
These gentle, kindly people, plodding and pondering,
Men and women, weary, waiting, hand in hand.

(The heat waves shimmered
On the valley floor,
And a lake shone silver
On a far, gold shore . . . .)

They stood for a long time. Here was the ending,
Here the beginning of a hard-fought dream;
And the valley held them in a subtle blending
Of sagebrush and aspen and wind-song and stream.

(The heat waves shimmered
And a city grew
Up from the desert
And into the blue . . . .)

Under their feet were the hot sands, sifting,
And over their heads were the wild, bright skies,
But they saw a white city with tall spires lifting,
And they walked toward it, singing, with glory in their eyes!

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

OXEN ON THE PLAINS

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the eleventh and final story in a series of true pioneer incidents published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

IN any consideration of the conquest and settlement of the West, the part played by oxen—symbol of pioneer transportation—should not be overlooked. And in paying tribute to the stalwart men and women who took part in this great adventure, tribute should be paid, also, to the gentle, faithful oxen, which contributed so much to the success of the undertaking.

The pioneers and pathfinders of early days fully appreciated the value of oxen, and gave these animals full credit for the great contribution they made in the winning of the West. Through early experience, the plainsmen learned that, for all general purposes, oxen were much better fitted for the rough travel of the plains than horses—better fitted for pulling heavy loads through mud and sand, and for fording streams, and for clearing and breaking up the vast stretches of virgin prairie land. Other advantages were that oxen could be purchased cheaper than horses and could be cared for at less expense, their food consisting chiefly of grass, either green or dried, while horses and mules had to be grain-fed en route; that oxen required no harnesses, merely wooden yokes; and, in addition, that their flesh in emergency or shortage could be used for food. Then, again, oxen could not be run off by the Indians at night as easily as could horses.

Pioneer John Brown, who served as emigration agent for the Church for a number of years, and who recruited and trained hundreds of oxen, was typical of those who appreciated the faithful, obedient, and willing oxen. He seemed to understand them and to have real affection for them. He always insisted that in breaking oxen to the yoke, great care should be taken that they be not broken in spirit, also. He used to tell how, on many occasions when driving oxen and sleeping in the open, drivers would lie down beside their oxen and snuggle up to their backs to keep warm.

In his journal, written during the summer of 1862, he tells of his experience as one of the Church agents in helping to prepare companies for the journey across the plains. He first went to Chicago and purchased wagons for the trip, then had them shipped to Florence, Nebraska, which was the outfitting place. He then spent several months recruiting 144 yoke of oxen in Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, and driving them to Florence, where they were trained, or broken to the yoke. Among his business entries is the following, which gives an idea of

the prices paid for oxen and of the average age of the oxen:

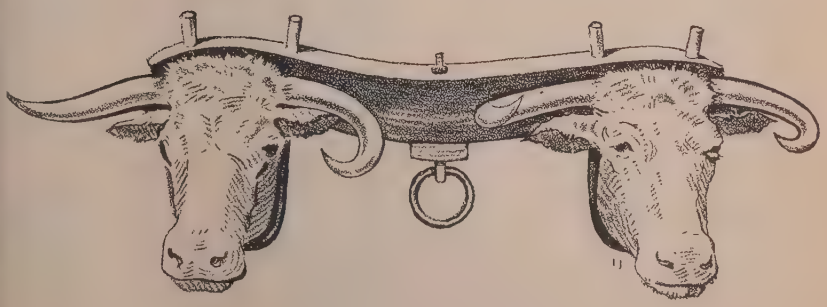
> Council Bluffs, May 29, 1862. Sold to John Brown, 1 yoke of oxen, 4 years old, one white and red spotted; the other red with a white spot on a shoulder and a spot on the loin, for $50.00. Received payment. Signed, I. H. Tooleman.

In one day when eight purchases of oxen were made, the average price paid was $62 per yoke and the average age was five and one-half years. It appears that oxen were at their best between the ages of four and seven years, inclusive, and that their usefulness was little more than fourteen years.

Mrs. Matilda Stewart Park, widow of John M. Park, mother of nine children, lived near Council Bluffs with her family. In the spring of 1852, she decided to come to Utah, if possible. She had only an old wagon, but she purchased a yoke of oxen, secured the necessary supplies, and came with the Charles C. Rich company.

During the long and tedious journey, one of her faithful and much beloved oxen gave out entirely and had to be left behind, which was a great disappointment and sorrow to her, for she needed the ox and, besides, had real affection for him. However, she completed the journey and located in Provo City.

One day sometime after her arrival, as she looked out her window, she saw some travelers passing by and recognized her ox in one of the teams. She rushed out and identified the ox, but, of course, she did not even suggest taking it away from the teamster, who said he felt sure that she was telling the truth. He told her he would like to use the ox until he reached his home, which was in Payson, and that he would then fatten it up for beef and bring her half of the meat. This, he did, and so she was supplied with meat for the winter.



Drawing by Evan Jensen

Be Gay, for Once

Blanche Kendall McKey

"IT'S a large sum, Mother," said Ann tremulously, her voice sounding thick as it pushed itself through the rigid fingers she was pressing against her lips. She and Sarah both stared at the one-hundred dollar bill Sarah had laid on the white tablecloth. For the first time since Sarah's arrival hours ago, the two women were alone. Ann's young sons had gone to the shed for the evening milking, and her daughter Ellen had left early to direct the closing program at high school.

"It won't be large in a day or two, my dear," said Sarah.

Suddenly the zeroes of the "100" which still held Ann's gaze ran together, and the piece of green paper became a misty blotch.

"I wouldn't take any of your money if it weren't for Ellen," she said, brokenly. "Ellen has had the brunt of everything."

Sarah's gaze ran down the dim hall to a closed door. "Well, when John is about again," she began uncertainly.

Ann's face was forthwith swept by a wave of eating grief, impelling her to the empty kitchen. There she poured a bowl of steaming milk, made a slice of toast, set both on a tray, and returned to the dining room. She stopped beside her mother's chair.

"At this rate, the bit of money Father left you will soon be gone. It's not fair." She held the tray, steadying it with tense hands lest the milk should spill, as she walked to the hall.

Several quotations sprang to Sarah's mind, the most familiar being, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger." But she spoke none of them. She heard Ann's step falter, knowing that her daughter was pulling her lips into the semblance of a smile before entering John's room, and she let her enter, uncomforted.

But what one who loved her would have noticed now—was her unaccustomed expression of perplexity.

In the ensuing silence, Sarah's mind seeped backward through nearly four decades and she again sat at a rough-hewn table in her kitchen at home with her husband opposite and their two children between. The land was theirs, and theirs was the stout adobe house. God was the good Provider, and she was Sarah, his handmaiden, secure in his love. The kerosene lamp glowed and the burning logs gleamed through chinks of the small cookstove. She had accepted privation, sickness, and death, but never fear. And now she felt a weakness within. Did even the spirit crumble with age?

* * * * *

ANN had turned on the radio in her husband's room, and soft strains of music now floated to Sarah, who still sat motionless. She was seeing again her son's face as he had waited with her early that morning to put her on the bus.

"Let Maude and me rent your farm, Mom," he had said. "I can run yours and mine together. Your land is still good—it just hasn't been

worked right. And you've got to plant trees, not keep on cutting. What did Dad send me to college for, if I have to stand by and watch you go on in the same old blundering way?"

Sarah loved energetic Maude and her three perky little girls, but she had felt dismayed at the thought of turning the care of her chickens and all her other small chores over to Maude.

"Did you draw out the money for Ann?" she had asked, evasively. He had given her the hundred dollar bill.

"How much is left, Donny?"

"Eight hundred."

Even to Sarah this had seemed a small sum. Then he had laid a fifty dollar bill in her hand.

"You need your money yourself, Donny."

"I know, but you need some fun. While you are up visiting Ann, buy yourself some new togs. Be gay, for once," he had whispered.

"It's hard to be gay when everything is so—different," she had argued weakly.

"But surely there is something you would like to have, or do?"

"Yes. I have always wanted to go to the pioneer ball in a fancy dress with my hair puffed. I'm tired of Mother's stripe, if she did push it across the plains."

"That's the idea," Don had agreed, "you and Ann could whip up something pretty in no time."

Now, bowed over Ann's table, his vibrant words with their tender connotation came back cuttingly. It was a pity she had missed so many of the little things women cherish. She could see Don's bill tucked in a corner of her purse upstairs. But affairs were worse with Ann than she had dreamed. "Be gay, for once," she said with trembling lips, and rising shakily, began to carry out the supper dishes.

ANN returned to the kitchen. The boys came in with their clattering pails. They played for a while before they climbed upstairs for the night. About ten the side door opened softly and Ellen slipped in. Her fair skin was colorless and her dark eyes looked unnaturally large.

"Has it turned chilly, Ellen?" Ann asked, concerned.

"I don't think so," said Ellen. "I hadn't noticed."

"How did the program go?"

"Beautifully. There were a lot of 'goodbyes' afterwards, so I left early."

She has walked home alone, thought Ann.

"I'm dreadfully tired now it's all over. I think I'll go to bed without disturbing Father. For goodness' sake, Mother, put away that ironing. It's lovely to have you here, Grandma. Goodnight."

She walked up the stairs slowly, and Ann remembered days when her feet seemed to fly.

Sarah stopped knitting. "What's the matter with Ellen?" she whispered after a pause.

"Everything in general. Boy friend in particular, I fear," Ann replied.

"Who is he?"

"Young principal at high school."

"Worthwhile?"

"Very much so. Every teacher likes him. I hope nothing has happened."

Late in the night Sarah heard

someone weeping. At first she thought it was Ann; but listening, fully awake, she knew that the torrent gushed not from a tragically resigned heart, but from youth's rebellious depths. When the storm had subsided, she felt her way to Ellen's door and knocked.

"That you, Mother?" came a low, startled voice.

"No, it's me," whispered Sarah. "Don't bother to make a light. May I come in for a minute?"

Sarah found that it took more than a moment to draw out the story that all through David's college years and during last winter as a teacher, he had saved every penny he could for his higher degrees, and that now he was going to summer school in California and wanted to marry Ellen and take her along with him.

"That would be wonderful," said Sarah.

"Grandma, it isn't possible. Do you think I could leave Mother with the garden and the orchard and Father and no money? I'm going to get a summer job."

"Won't David wait?"

"Of course he'll wait. But I haven't any right to hold him." She sat up, a dim, vehement wraith. "I'll be tied to this house and a dull country school until I'm a confirmed old maid."

"Your brothers will grow up, you know."

"They are a long way from that now."

"There's your Uncle Donny."

"With a wife who'll keep his nose to the grindstone as long as he lives! David has been offered a contract to teach next year in a junior college and is going to Ogden to sign and to speak at a banquet. Then he will go to the gymnasium for the annual pioneer ball."

"Oh," murmured Sarah, "the pioneer ball!"

"David wanted Mother and me to ride with him to Ogden—he will have to stay overnight, you know. His invitation includes a partner—I could have heard his speech—"

As Sarah listened to the convulsive sob Ellen tried to smother, she felt a tightening within herself. Her mind began to shake off its daze of uncertainty. Amid the perplexities that had rushed into her life, here was a situation that she could do something about.

"I don't think it's all so hopeless as you picture," she said.

"I'm beaten flat," replied Ellen. "Even with you here, Mother couldn't leave Father. I haven't a respectable traveling suit or a presentable formal." Her voice sank to a whisper. "I've told David that I can't marry him. That I can't even go to Ogden." She sat up, rigid.

"Grandma, I don't want you to think that I haven't any backbone. I'm willing to work for Dad and Mom. And I could give up David—and—build some kind of life, I suppose. But it's killing me, what I'm doing to David. His mother died when he was little, and I think he never quite got over it. He needs someone behind him—"

"When can I meet this David?" asked Sarah.

"Never, I guess. I've sent him away for good. Oh, Grandma, nobody knows just how I feel about David!"

Sarah went back to bed and lay thinking of her own youthful mar

riage—and of the good years—and the lean.

Before the breakfast dishes were cleared away next morning, David appeared. Sarah took him into the garden while Ellen "prettied up." As they chatted, she noted his keenly intelligent eyes, sensitive mouth, and the reserve that surrounded his spirit like a mist. An idealist, she thought, too timid before others, and felt proud of Ellen's discernment.

"I have no desire to push myself where I am not wanted, Mrs. Brockton," said David stiffly. "But on the other hand, I am not going to allow a streak of bad luck to snatch Ellen from me. At least not for long."

Sarah's hesitation began to recede in a wave of admiration.

"Would you take me to Ogden instead of Ellen's mother?"

"Of course."

"Then I think you can count on Ellen, in spite of what she may say this morning."

* * * * *

AT first, Sarah scarcely moved as she sat in the restful chair Ellen and David had found for her before they left for the banquet. The gleaming dance floor, the faint strains of an orchestra practicing in some distant room, the elaborate costumes of a group of teen-agers going through the Sir Roger de Coverley, made her feel plaintively out of her element. The lace collar Ann had made for her with loving fingers and the cameo brooch she had borrowed, now relinquished all feeble claims to glamour. She drew her long, black coat tightly around her.

Yet she was glad she had come. She had always wanted to see a pioneer ball in a "city," and here she was! Ellen had looked like a tea rose in the pink dress the three of them had feverishly made. Donny, thought Sarah, I am so glad we can be gay!

The old janitor in whose care David had left her came and stood before her.

"May I hang your coat, Mrs. Brockton?"

As she handed it to him with a smile, she noticed that he was studying her costume.

"Do you dance?" he asked.

"The old ones."

"I'll have to find you a partner," he said heartily, appraising the striped ruffles, old-fashioned scuffed shoes, and her inward-looking gray eyes. "You might win a blue ribbon."

Interpreting her startled, inquiring gaze as a remonstrance, he began justifying himself. "My dear lady, I have watched these balls for twenty years."

He returned shortly with a tall, white-haired man whose solemn features harmonized with the Prince Albert he wore.

"Mrs. Brockton, this is Mr. Ludlow James."

Mr. James sat down beside Sarah and began to unburden his unhappy mind. He had recently lost his wife and felt unanchored and out of place in his daughter's lively home.

"Nothing seems right any more," he said mournfully. "No person and no country acts as though it knows where it's going."

Sarah thought of the long roll of years, swallowing up, surging forward, coming out to some kind of fulfillment in the end.

"I guess you and I are too old to

change," she answered sympathetically.

People began arriving, young girls and boys in formal modern dress, and handsome ladies in fluted satin and lace, looking like pictures Sarah had admired for years in the Sunday newspaper society section. A few came dressed much like Sarah herself, pushing a handcart, which they placed at the end of the hall where great bunches of sagebrush were arranged.

Mr. James and Sarah had finished dancing a plain quadrille when the orchestra struck up a Strauss waltz. He rose hopefully to offer his arm, but seeing the couples whirl onto the floor, he resumed his seat.

"They have no idea of this dance," he said authoritatively, "neither the technique nor the spirit of it. I used to circle a whole ballroom with a glass of water on my head."

Sarah laughed happily. "My husband used to try, but he always spilled it."

"Yet you dance smoothly."

"My own people are natural dancers." She ran her hand lovingly over one of the ruffles. "My mother came from Kerry Gow."

Ellen and David arrived in time to see the varsovienne.

"David has a grand contract," whispered Ellen, her eyes glowing, as Mr. James led Sarah onto the floor.

Only the older people responded, so there was no crowding. Mr. James was stately. Sarah, sunbonnet hanging over her arm, was lost in the rhythm and was reliving happier days. "Have you seen my, have you seen my, have you seen my new shoes?" she sang inwardly. At the close, Ellen and David rushed to her.

"You were wonderful," they cried.

A young man touched David's elbow and, after a whispered word or two, led him and Ellen toward the door. In a moment they were lost in the crowd. An accordion began playing "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and Mr. James took Sarah to a spot from which they could watch the pantomime.

There was nothing new in the pitiful trek around the ballroom floor. Lights had been dimmed except for one yellow spot at the end of the hall. Heavy boots creaked as the handcart rumbled above the accordion strains of "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

A rush of tears to Sarah's eyes blotted out the entire scene. As she dried them, she saw that Ellen and David were beside her. They, too, had been deeply moved, but Sarah perceived at once that, in addition, they were the bearers of news.

"Grandma," whispered Ellen, "I can teach third grade here in Ogden next winter if I like—at a better salary."

"Here with David?"

"Yes."

She felt their taut nerves and read their serious faces.

"Well," she said, "I've decided to rent my farm to Don so that I can live with Ann. She needs me."

Involuntarily, they exchanged a glance of tenderness, then gazed at her solemnly.

"I don't know," began Ellen. "Poor Father—"

"Anyway," said David thoughtfully, "Ellen and I together can help better than Ellen can alone."

Absorbed in their own drama, they were not aware of what was happen-

ing until they heard Sarah's name being spoken from the platform. The mayor was leaning forward, extending an envelope.

"What has happened to Mrs. Sarah Brockton?" he called.

Mr. James was pushing his way through the congested groups.

"You've won first prize, Mrs. Brockton," he said happily. "The best sustained character."

"What is the prize?" cried Ellen.

"Twenty-five dollars, my dear."

Sarah felt faint and for a moment her senses swam. Then David guided her to the platform. In beruffled dress, her bonnet fallen to the nape of her neck, revealing her smooth, white hair, a wisp or two dislocated by the bonnet's fall as though a gust of wind had just swept her, she stood silent, the embodiment of a day gone forever. Even the boys and girls stopped talking. But it was not her costume that held them, it was her lighted face.

"Thank you very much," she said, at length.

Her thought-filled eyes swept the room, and she realized that more was expected of her.

"Seeing this building and hearing this music," she said, "it's hard for me to believe that so many changes could take place within a person's memory." Then she added slowly, her eyes straight ahead, "But some few things never change."

The colored scene faded. She was sensing the eternal relationship between God and his children. *He that cometh to me shall never hunger—.*

The mayor himself led her to the chair Ellen was reserving for her. "You didn't thank him, Grandma," the girl reminded her in surprise. Then, noticing Sarah's detachment, she realized with some dismay the gap of years that yawned bridgeless between them, silencing her own speech. But she felt one with her in spirit as she slipped her soft hand into the bony little claw that lay passive on the striped billows of the faded skirt.

CENTENNIAL RETURN

Andrew M. Andersen

I seemed to see him standing there
Upon the spot where once he said,
"This Is the Place,"
Looking toward the city that he loved.

Sharp lines of buildings cut into the sky
Where planes flew confident
At speeds that he had never known;
And factories toiled,
Pouring out incalculable wealth.

I looked to see amazement
Upon his regal face.

Instead, I heard his fervent plea:
"O my beloved people,
As generation swiftly follows generation,
May you always and forever
Hold first things first, and last things last."

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR: Once more the Latter-day Saints are called upon to mourn the death of their leader. . . . In communicating this sad intelligence to the Church, over which he has so worthily presided for nearly ten years past, we are filled with emotions too deep for utterance. President Taylor departed this life Monday, July 25, 1887, age seventy-eight years. . . . He has gone to mingle with the holy and the pure . . . . and though we have lost his presence here, his influence will still be felt. Such men may pass from this life to another, but the love which beats in their hearts for righteousness and for truth cannot die.—George Q. Cannon

FROM JUAB (UTAH) STAKE: Report of Quarterly Conference. Prest. Mary Pitchforth spoke of the trials of the saints and said, "There is a silver lining to every cloud." Exhorted all to diligence and faithfulness in the performance of duty, as the Lord will not do for us that which we can do for ourselves. Advised mothers to study medical works, and qualify themselves to attend their children in cases of emergency. . . . Sister E. R. Udall, Prest. of the Nephi Society reported the Society as being in good condition and the needy well cared for. . . . "In doing the Lord's will we do unto others as we would like to be done by in similar circumstances. We all expect to become old, and we should treat the aged kindly and respectfully and make them comfortable."

—M. E. Teasdale

THE ZION OF THE LAST DAYS

Let Zion in her beauty rise,
Her light begins to shine,
Ere long her King will rend the skies,
Majestic and divine.

—Selected

NOTES AND NEWS: Queen Victoria has taken to carrying a walking stick, not for vanity, but because she needs its support . . . . a plain, black, crutch-headed stick meant for use.

Mrs. F. C. Floyd, of South Boston, has invented a "Waterproof Bonnet," manufactured of rubber gossamer fabrics, for which she has received a patent in the United States, and has applications pending in other countries. The material is now manufactured in many fancy designs and in every color, making a perfect imitation of the bonnets and hats now worn. Its great advantage is indestructibility by rain, the terror of ladies who wear valuable bonnets.

CHILDHOOD: How helpless is the poor little innocent babe, when brought into this world of toil and care; and how gracious in our Heavenly Father to impart such a quantity of maternal affection to the one being upon whom the child is so dependent. . . . How pure should be all the principles taught and the examples set for our little ones.

—Proxy

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

IN India today women of many political and religious faiths, uniting in the All-India Women's Conference, are working for: a minimum marriage age of sixteen for girls; elimination of religious or caste restrictions on marriage; the right of women to own and inherit property; the abolition of the dowry system, of polygamy, and of the custom of purdah—which keeps women indoors and veiled from all male eyes except those of members of the family. Prominent in the movement are Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, sister of Jawaharlal Nehru and Hindu leader of the Indian delegation to the U. N., and many other highly trained women, among them doctors and lawyers. Most of the 30,000 women of the organization are Western educated.

MISS FLORENCE ADAMS, a 1944 graduate of the Brigham Young University, is with the Public Relations Office, GHQ-FEC, in Tokio, Japan, in the radio and pictorial section. Her radio interviews with service men are released in their home towns. She has assisted in a broadcast, "English Conversation," which teaches English to the Japanese listening public. The program has inspired the largest fan mail in Japanese radio history. In answer to one month's work, Miss Adams, herself, received more than 1000 letters.

FIVE daughters of Isaac Van Wagoner Carling, Utah pioneer, still live, their ages ranging from eighty to ninety-two years. They are: Sarah Elizabeth Carling Webb of Mesa, Arizona; Ellen Elvira Carling Chamberlain of Glendale, Utah; Catherine Aurelia Carling Porter of Salt Lake City; Lydia May Carling Covington Lang of Orem, Utah; and Martha Jane Carling Webb Porter of Blackfoot, Idaho. As young women, these sisters lived in the United Order. They have been temple workers, have held positions of responsibility in the Church, and are progenitors of many prominent leaders in Church and State.

A charming and most versatile young woman is Senorita Octava Barcia, instructor in Spanish at the University of Utah. She plays the piano, sings, writes poetry, paints, composes music. At seventeen she was graduated from a university in her native Buenos Aires. Later, she taught poetry writing to children from eight to ten years of age, and music and art to tubercular children in government-operated schools. A volume of her poems is being published in Buenos Aires this summer.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 AUGUST 1947 NO. 8

Make Home a Pleasant Place

THROUGH this past year we have heard a great deal about the fine virtues and wonderful accomplishments of the pioneer forefathers. Not least among their accomplishments were the pleasant places the mothers made of those early log cabins.

Their homes were first and foremost kept very clean; secondly, they used the materials they had at hand to beautify and make comfortable their homes. There were no shops from which to buy, even if they had had money. Braided and woven rag rugs made the bare floors both warm and cheerful. The cherished pieces of furniture which did not have to be discarded on the journey westward were kept polished and occupied the choicest positions in the rooms. Frequently, a bouquet of sego lilies adorned the one and only table in the room.

The wife and mother of today has many advantages over her pioneer ancestor, for the shops and products that offer ways and means of beautifying our homes are varied enough to suit most pocketbooks. There are books and periodicals that furnish one with ideas that not only use new materials, but show how to use and make the best of what one has on hand.

Many feel that while the children are young it is not worthwhile to beautify a home. However, this is the age when beauty and practicality go hand in hand, and many floor coverings and wall finishes resist wear and tear, and are easily kept in good condition. Children respond to beauty and cleanliness like flowers to the sun. They soon learn to respect and take pride in helping keep home a lovely place. At the same time, a pleasant environment will give the child standards that will help him or her all through life.

The average homemaker who would like to beautify her home with good taste will use restraint in decorating and choosing the furnishings. No matter how elegant the furniture and draperies or how expensive the wallpaper, if a home is not neat and clean it is not truly beautiful.

There is an interesting old fairy tale about the three sisters who kept the world beautiful. These sisters were March, April, and May. March was the sister who swept all the dirt and ugliness away. April washed everything clean so that May could come after to polish and shine the earth to a dazzling loveliness.

While considering how to make home attractive, remember the three sisters and use their methods along with the decorators' touches, and home will indeed become a pleasant place.

G. R. G.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter 7

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country.

While driving her team at night across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country and after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. Little water is to be found in the desert country and many times their lives are endangered by thirst. Peogament, the Indian chief, continually opposes the company and causes trouble and delay. Finally, the travelers reach the San Juan, but Elizabeth is bitterly disappointed when she sees the swirling, muddy river. In this chapter, the narrative returns to the Davis family in Moenkopi.

MOENKOPI was a dry, unfavored spot. There was always a wind, always sand in the air, in the beds, and in the food. And there was poverty everywhere. The Indians, unable to cope with their own situation, and not equal to the mode of living imposed by the white man, were an improvident lot, subsisting on corn and the money they got from their meager clip of wool. Their herds were small and poorly tended.

James L. Davis, genial, fair to the Indians, and a favorite with the white settlers, soon became accustomed to his surroundings. Being a stone mason by trade, he was given work by John W. Young on the buildings that would house the woolen mills. Edward, his fourteen-year-old son, found employment herding the settlers' sheep. With surprising ease, he learned the Indian language and could talk fluently with any of the tribes. For both father and son, the time passed quickly. But for Mary, waiting out the days, counting them by hours, the time seemed interminably long since the company of scouts had gone on to San Juan.

James loved music. He had brought his small organ with him from Cedar City, and he played and sang through the long evenings. Mrs. Young was a good musician and, together, they organized a choir, and the settlers came twice a week to the Davis tent to practice singing.

Mary missed Elizabeth. As the days became weeks and there was no

word from the scouting company, she began to fear that they had all been killed by the Indians. Word filtered into the settlement that the Indians of the interior strongholds were growing more and more resentful of the white man's intrusion, and that a renegade Ute, named Pearcon, was following the scouts, gathering outlaws to himself for an attack. Suspected of being implicated in the murder of a number of white men, an outcast from his own tribe, Pearcon was vindictive and vicious. Any petty excuse was enough to set him on the warpath.

Mary listened to the talk and began to fear that she would never see Elizabeth again. Almost two months had passed and there had been no official word from the company. If they had reached San Juan, the return scouts who were to come back to help bring up the stock, should be back in Moenkopi before many days more. Every unusual sound sent Mary's blood to her temples in anxiety. Every new rumor confirmed her fears.

July the first came, and with it a sickening wave of heat.

"I'm prompted to round up the stock and be all ready to go, Mary," James said that night. "As soon as morning comes, Ted and I will get the wagons ready."

Mary shook her head dubiously. "I hope you are right, James. You usually are. But we've waited so long I have almost lost hope of ever getting out of this miserable place."

"Pa, listen!" Ted Davis, alert to the conversation, had gone to the door of the tent and was staring into the darkness.

"What is it, my boy Ted?" James asked, following him to the door and listening intently. "Do you hear something?"

"Strangers are coming, Pa."

"I don't hear anything at all, Ted."

"That's why I know someone is coming who doesn't live here. It's early in the evening. Plenty of Indians are still wandering about. A sudden silence is their way of warning each other."

"Yes. I hear the soft thud of horses walking in the sand," James acknowledged.

"They are tired, Pa. Hear 'em? The thuds are uneven. They almost stop, and then they come on!"

"It's the scouts!" James cried. "I've known all day that something was going to happen!" He ran out into the dooryard, giving a long, clear halloo. There was an answering hail, and five weary and ragged men came riding into the patch of light visible through the tent door.

"Mary, my darlin'," James cried. "It's the scouts!"

"Take it easy, Ma," Ted said, seeing the excitement in his mother's face. "You knew they'd come sometime, didn't you?"

"I'm afraid I didn't, Ted. I'm all shaken up."

"I know, Ma. Waitin' has been awfully hard for you. But we'll be off for San Juan before you know it."

"And for that I give thanks," Mary murmured, and cried for joy.

* * * *

THE five scouts—Kumen Jones, Seth Tanner, Robert Bullock, Zacariah B. Decker, and a son of Silas S. Smith—had but little to report. The company had reached San Juan, but had been near death many times. Some liked the country and some did not. Many of the

scouts were only waiting for the stock to be brought up so they could sell their share and go back home.

It was a discouraging report. But neither James nor Mary faltered. They had been called to stay in San Juan, and for them there was no alternative.

"Are there green trees there?" Mary asked, thinking how Elizabeth had missed the cottonwoods on the journey.

"Yes," Kumen Jones told her, "there are trees, and good fishing. The soil is good, and it is cool by the river. I'm going to bring my wife and come back to stay."

Mary smiled gratefully. "I want to get there just as quick as ever I can."

Kumen nodded, understanding the urgency. "We'll get you through just as fast as horse flesh can make the trip," he promised.

Mary and Ted gave the scouts a fine supper of corn, ripe fruits, and hot biscuits. And when they had finished, they rolled up in a single blanket each, and slept near the tent, in the sand.

"Mr. Young wants to buy our organ, Mary," James informed her, as they prepared for bed. "We need a span of mules."

"You need the organ, too, James. Music is food and drink to you. You'd be lost without the organ."

"It will have to go," James replied sadly. "It isn't good to set such store of earthly things, I guess."

"But the organ is all we have left of home," Mary sighed. "I wish we could keep it."

"We'll need it for church in San Juan," James said. "But first, we have to get there. Other things must be important only in that light."

"I know, James. But I can't think that mules are more important than music, even for pioneers."

* * * *

THREE days of travel brought the Davis family, their two wagons, their children, and the five scouts with the cattle herd, to a small seep where they camped for noon.

"This is the place where the Piutes stole two of our horses, Brother Davis," Robert Bullock reported. "We could hardly get on into Moenkopi without them. It was a brazen trick, and I think I know the renegade that did it. I'm going to ride up on that knoll and see if I can spot the camp of Indians that must have been skulking around."

James looked the knoll over carefully, then turned to young Bullock. "That's an open hill. An Indian could spot you a mile away. I suggest you forget about the stolen horses."

"But, Brother Davis, if the Indians are still here, the horses will be, too."

"What could you do if they are still here? We've got to exercise caution, if we avoid trouble."

"I'm riding a good horse. I guess the halters and lead ropes will still be on the horses, for they are riveted on. The Indians would have to cut the straps to get them off, and I doubt if they would do that. The Indians know how valuable such halters are."

"Are you trying to convince yourself or me?" James Davis asked impatiently. "What do halters have to do with it?"

"If I can spot the horses before the Indians see me, I can slip into

their camp and lead the horses off before the Indians find out they are gone. They'll not have time to get organized."

"That's boy talk." James spoke impatiently. "What you propose to do is too risky."

"One of those stolen horses is mine," Bullock argued, "the best horse I ever owned. I'd like to get him back."

"We are shy of good horses, Brother Davis," Seth Tanner interposed. "While neither of the horses was mine, I don't like the Indians to get off with such a trick. If they go free one time, they'll try it again."

James shook his head, looking to the other scouts for their opinions. If the Indians were still in the neighborhood there would probably be trouble enough, without the white men starting it off.

"What do you think, Kumen?" James asked, turning to Kumen Jones for advice. "You are the official Indian interpreter for the company. You probably know how to judge their tempers better than I do. I admit I'm perplexed."

"I see no reason for going out after trouble," Kumen answered. "But, as Tanner says, if the Indians are on the poke, we'll have trouble whether we want it or not. It might put a little fear into them to know that we are not afraid to repossess our own stock. Bullock's plan is not unfeasible."

"Ted, my boy," James turned to his son confidently, "you know how to talk with the Indians, and you've made friends among them. What is your opinion?"

The scouts showed no surprise that he should turn to a fourteen-year-old boy for advice. Common sense is engendered early among pioneers.

"There might not be anyone in the Indians' camp but their squaws, Pa," Ted answered. "And if that's so, we can be miles away before the bucks can do anything about it."

"Well, since I'm not prompted one way or the other," James decided, "you boys may do as you like."

* * * *

BULLOCK spotted the Indian camp as he had expected. The two stolen horses were tied to a tree stump in a draw, and unguarded. The Indians were eating their dinners and most of them were sleepily intent on their own affairs.

Bullock went on foot down the draw, keeping out of sight by crawling in the bottom of the gully. He untied the horses and led them quietly away, without even the dogs becoming aware of his presence.

"That was the easiest thing I ever did," he laughed, coming triumphantly into camp. "They were so full of meat and cactus juice that they didn't hear or see a thing!"

"If Pearcon is their leader," James said, "I'd be inclined to doubt that. But my boy Ted says Pearcon went through Moenkopi the day we left, heading for the Colorado where he's got friends."

"Whoever is their leader, he was holding some sort of a meeting with three of the Indians," Bullock added.

James let his fork fall to his plate, forgetting to close his mouth after the anticipated bite of food.

"What kind of talk?" he asked sharply. "Could you hear what they were saying?"

"I think they were planning some devilment that would take them a

long way from here, for they kept pointing to the west."

"They know we are here!" James cried. "Let's harness up and leave as quickly as we can!"

Bullock tied the recovered horses to his wagon wheel, and deliberately sat down to eat. "I'm hungry," he said. "And I'm not running off until I eat."

"You might not run at all, then," Kumen Jones interrupted impatiently. "What makes you think they were planning devilment?"

"The leader kept jumping up and showing a wound he had, and he drew a knife across his throat to show what he meant to do."

"That's Pearcon!" Ted Davis cried. "That's his trick. He gets the young braves all stirred up by showing them how the white men have treated him. His tribesmen have told me so!"

"You fellows go ahead and pull out if you want to," Bullock said, easily persuading himself that the others were wrong. "You are all acting on the theory of what *might* happen. I got the horses, didn't I? And nothing happened. That's enough for me to go by."

"If I know anything about Pearcon," Ted said, "he already knew you were there to get the horses. He's not a dumb Ute."

He turned to his father. "Pa, Pearcon said once, and I heard him say it, that what he stole, he stole to keep. Let's get out of here with Ma and the children."

Ted had hardly finished the sentence when there was a stir in camp near his mother's wagon where the food was spread. It was Pearcon. He stood above the frightened white woman, menacing her with a heavy quirt.

Mary screamed, and Ted leaped at Pearcon. But the Indian only grinned, and, leaping aside, he grabbed the blanket that was being used as a table for the food, gave it a jerk and sent food, dishes, and cooking utensils rolling in the sand. A large butcher knife rolled against a rock and stopped, handle up, in the sand. Pearcon grabbed it playfully and ran after Mary, drawing the knife back and forth across his throat, pantomiming what he could do to her if he wanted to.

Mary clung to the wagon wheel in terror. Ted sprang in front of her, screaming defiance.

"Don't do anything, Ted," Mary pleaded. "Let your father handle Pearcon!"

The scouts had grouped themselves, with their guns ready, shielded by boulders and scrub cedars. "Don't shoot, boys." James cried. "In heaven's name, don't shoot! That's what he wants us to do. That's why he's playing silly!"

"Davis is right, boys!" Seth Tanner lowered his gun. "All he wants is an excuse to murder us."

James had gone quietly to where Mary and Ted stood, defying Pearcon.

PEARCON, as if tired of trying to frighten a woman and a boy, ran to one of the youngest of the scouts and grabbed him around the waist, pretending he wanted to wrestle. The boy, son of Silas S. Smith, jerked away angrily. His dog, seeing that his master was being manhandled, flew at the Indian and bit his leg. Pearcon threw Smith to the ground, then turned on the dog

and struck him with a long handled shovel that stood nearby. And, before the other scouts could judge the seriousness of the tussle, young Smith had rolled to an axe that was near him. Grasping it, he raised it over Pearcon's head. But James caught his arm, deflecting a blow that would have split the Indian's head wide open. Zacariah Decker jumped for the Indian. Kumen Jones and Seth Tanner threw themselves in front of Mary, and restraining Ted by force, they kept him out of the fight.

Ted was blind with fury. "He threatened my mother," Ted sobbed. "Let me go! I'll cut him to pieces!"

Unobserved, several of Pearcon's friends had been watching what went on. Evidently deciding that the time was not ripe for a showdown fight, they pulled Pearcon away, telling the scouts they would come back and kill them all, as soon as it was dark.

Ted fought to get away. He wanted to go after Pearcon. But his father took him by the arms, and, by sheer force of will, he quieted the hysterical youth. "Ted, my boy, father needs you here," he calmed him. "You would be torn to pieces if you so much as left this camp. We'll get away, Ted. We'll get your Ma to safety. Let go your anger, my boy Ted. Pa needs you to get the teams hitched to the wagons. You hurry now. Pa'll load the things in."

Action was what Ted needed most. He raced for his teams.

In the camp were two cowboys who had stopped for dinner with the small white company. They had been ready to fight the Indians since their first sight of the malicious Pearcon. Seeing that the white men were not going to force the issue against the Indians, they began to argue angrily.

"Are we going to sit down and eat Pearcon's dirt?" the older of the two, Bill Worthen, cried. "What are you fellows made of?"

"You'll see, when the time comes!" Seth Tanner answered quietly. "The Indians are sun worshippers. They'll not attack while their sun-god can see us and tell the Great Spirit. If we can get far enough away before dark, we'll have no need to fight."

"If we don't do something about it now, they'll come back in force and kill us all," Bill Worthen declared. "We ain't got a chance!"

"Wait, Bill," his partner said. "This outfit can't get away far enough before dark to be safe. You've got plenty of ammunition. I say get the wagons together and fort up. Let the Indians come back if they want to. Pearcon's not got many friends, and what he has got are shiftless, and scattered over the country. By the time he gets a sizable band together, I'll be back from Moenkopi with reinforcements."

"They'll riddle you, kid," Bill Worthen answered. "You better stay here and fight."

"The boy's idea is sound," Seth Tanner said. "Pearcon is a coward at heart. He'll wait to get enough renegades together to insure the safety of his own hide. Let the boy go. He'll get through and be back before our ammunition runs out."

The young cowboy rode down the draw that led to the east, away from Moenkopi.

"He knows the layout of the country," Bill Worthen reassured them.

"He'll swing back as soon as he's out of sight. I feel like a dick to let him go alone."

"You're needed here," James decided. "We're grateful for you and your rifle."

"Pa!" Ted raced up to his father. "Pa, they are comin' back. Pearcon is bringin' more of his men. He's mad as a hornet!"

"Let him come, Ted. We're ready for him." James Davis put his gun into Ted's hands. "Go to your mother's wagon, my boy Ted, and don't you leave it till I give you leave. It's you who'll look after your Ma."

Unarmed, James Davis went to meet Pearcon and his swaggering friends.

(To be continued)

REMEMBRANCE

Erma Young Gardiner

May our hearts stir in remembrance,
Our minds be brought to comprehend,
How God walked beside our fathers,
Until they reached the promised land.

May we ever shout his glory
Until the air is filled with praise,
For he meted out his sustenance
Equal to their weary days.

May we never cease to marvel
That the sea gulls filled the air,
And flocked to save the wheat in answer
To a people's humble prayer.

May our hearts swell to remember
That a desert's barren soil
Yielded grain and fragrant beauty
To reward their faith and toil!

HAPPY LANDINGS

Grace Sayre

Bless his happy, little heart!
His breakfast spoon held in mid-air,
He aims his porridge at his mouth,
But lands it in his hair!

A Place in the Country

IV—THE CHICKENS

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the fourth in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

WHEN the dishes were done, Ellen Martin brought a basket of apricots from the root cellar and sat down by the open kitchen window to pit them. It was so wonderful, she thought, to have your own fruit to put up. It had been too expensive in the city and, anyway, there had been no place in the apartment to keep bottled fruit. This winter the children were going to have all they could eat.

Just then Betty came in to ask, "There's no more wheat, Mother, what shall I feed the chickens?"

"Are you sure?" Ellen asked in surprise. "Daddy said he brought enough for a week and we've had them only five days."

She put aside the apricots and hurried to the garage with Betty. The sack was empty.

"We must have been feeding them too much," she decided. "Daddy will have to get more feed tomorrow, but what can we give them today?" She looked around. There was fruit under every tree and every step she took disturbed swarms of grasshoppers.

"I know," she said, "we'll let them out. They must know their home by this time. The lazy things can get their own food." She opened the run gate, and the eight hens filed out.

Johnny and the puppy came running from around the house, and the hens scattered, cackling, all over the place.

"Tie 'Curtains' up, Betty," Ellen called as she ran after the hens and shooed them back towards their pen with her apron.

When they had first let the hens out of the crate, the same thing had happened. It was then that John had given the puppy his name. He had picked him up and said, "Here, 'Curtains,' let them alone. They have just as much right here as you have, even if they didn't cost so much."

The children had laughed and danced around their father and the puppy saying, " 'Curtains!' 'Curtains!' Let me have 'Curtains,' " and that had been his name ever since.

Ellen stood watching the hens for awhile. They seemed busy and contented, so she said to Betty, "You and Johnny stay here in the shade and watch them. I must get back to work."

The fire in the range had gone out so Ellen made it up again and put the jars in a kettle to boil. The heat was soon almost unbearable in the little kitchen, so she moved her chair between the door and window to get any little breeze there was. Once she looked out. The hens were still eating and the children were sitting under the tree.

She began to wonder if she had been wise to ask John to get the hens. They had cost him almost

two days' work and grain was expensive. She had hoped to save buying eggs and maybe have some eggs to sell. So far the eight hens had averaged six eggs a day. If each of the family ate one a day and she made one cake a week, there would be only a dozen to sell. That would hardly pay for their feed.

She took the jars out of the boiling water and put them on a wet cloth on the table. Then she filled the stove with coal and put the apricots on to cook. As she measured out the sugar she began to worry about the first monthly payment due in ten days. She had barely half enough in the candy box behind the mush cartons. She would have to convince John that she could pick all the fruit herself. He seemed to have no trouble finding jobs and if he worked every day they might get enough.

SHE was startled out of her musing by a loud cackling and shouting. She ran to the door and saw the half-grown Hawkins boy driving the hens towards home. They were running first one way and then another, and flying over bushes. The children came from the far end of the orchard and tried to help. She went out and, together, they finally got them shut in the run.

The boy's face was red and he was plainly mad. "Your old hens ate our lettuce. They pecked at our cabbage," he panted. "They've about ruined the whole garden. Pa says don't you know there's a law?"

"Law?" Ellen asked in wonder. "You mean I can't turn them out?"

"Of course not—not in summer, anyway."

"I thought they'd stay home," Ellen answered apologetically, wiping her face with her apron. "I thought they'd like the grasshoppers."

"Hens never stay home. They don't have any sense." He turned away then, and was soon crawling under the wire fence.

"You should have stayed," was all she said to the children.

She walked slowly back to the house. Now she knew the chickens weren't such a good idea. Everything she did seemed to be wrong. She was just too ignorant to live on a farm.

A peculiar smell was coming from the kitchen. She hurried in and found that the apricots had boiled over and burned on the stove, filling the room with smoke. She grabbed a spoon to stir the jam and found it burned to the bottom of the kettle. That was too much. She sat down, put her head on the table, and cried.

Thus John found her when he came home for lunch. "Now, now," he comforted, lifting the burned kettle from the stove and carrying it outside. "Nothing can be that bad."

Ellen raised her head and tearfully told her story. "The neighbors will never like me now," she sobbed. "They'll think I don't have any more sense than the chickens."

"Don't worry about that," John consoled, patting her shoulder. "I'll go over and pay for the damage. I'll fix it up while you wash your face. And do come out in the yard and cool off."

A half hour later when John returned, Ellen had washed and combed her hair and put on a clean apron. She was scraping the stove. "How much?" she asked.

"Only three dollars," he said, starting to make the fire. "I told him you just couldn't bear to have anything

shut up. I told him you had never seen a hen before."

"Joke all you want," Ellen said crossly, "but that makes three dollars less than I was figuring on for the payment. And see how much fruit and sugar I've wasted. I wish I had never seen those old chickens."

Betty came in with an egg in each hand. "See," she said, "two already. Won't you cook one for me? I'm hungry."

That made Ellen remember how hard it had been to get Betty to eat eggs in Chicago. She had said she didn't like them, but now whenever she found one she wanted it cooked, whether it was mealtime or not.

John must have remembered, too, for he said, "Anyway, Betty thinks the hens are fine."

Maybe they were, at that. After all, she had wanted this place mostly for John and Betty. Betty certainly was better. Her face was browner than her hair and her cheeks were rosy.

"I'll get lunch right away," Ellen decided. "You set the table, Betty, and you, John, bring some fresh water. We'll all have eggs."

(To be continued)

OLD AGE

Nan S. Richardson

Hair dark and glossy now turned white as snow;
Eyes that were bright are now groggy;
Glasses are made of the best, we all know,
But even, then, things look quite foggy.

While the body seems healthy, powerful, and strong,
It has several ailments to carry along,
One has colitis or a kink called a stitch
Another has gallstones, or the seven-year itch.

There may be some people that with us agree
That arms and legs are made from a tree;
They're stubborn and stiff, perhaps it's an oak,
But whatever it is, it's surely no joke.

The tongue is one thing that never wears out,
It can work overtime with its clatter;
So try to remember to say pleasant things
To relations and friends when we chatter.

And last, but not least, are two poor suffering feet,
With bunions and corns aching while on the street;
There may be some blessings that come with old age,
There are always two sides, let's turn a new page.

Be thankful we're living, resolve not to shirk;
If we want to be happy, keep busy and work.
Remember it's never too late to begin,
Let's keep up the spirits and hold up the chin.

How the Magazine Fortifies the Visiting Teacher

Anna B. Hart
Member, Relief Society General Board

[Address Delivered at *Magazine* Section, Relief Society General Conference, October 2, 1946.]

TODAY, I want to speak about two of the greatest missionaries among the women of our Church—the visiting teacher and *The Relief Society Magazine*. I want to talk about the strength of each, and the triple strength, when these two missionaries fortify each other as they go into the homes of our women.

We have always been aware of the strength of *The Relief Society Magazine* in fortifying the executive officers. Without it, they would not be able to function. We might speak of the value of the *Magazine* in fortifying the class leaders and the other officers of the Relief Society organization.

In the interesting and pictorial Annual Report of Relief Society activities for the past year, we were aware that only 74,032 members out of the 101,691 members of Relief Society were subscribers to the *Magazine*.

It should be the aim of every visiting teacher to be a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* and, as she keeps that guide in her hand, she should stimulate every home in her district to become a subscriber to that wonderful missionary.

Much of the success of our organization depends upon the visiting teachers. They are the select ones among the membership of Relief Society; they are the sympathetic and capable teachers of the organization, the representatives of the Relief Society in the homes; they are the friends of the families of the Church; they are the bringers of special spiritual messages—these *teachers* in Relief Society.

When visiting teachers, inspired by the living example of the Great Teacher, are fortified, when they dedicate themselves anew to high ideals, let them resolve to teach better than they have ever taught before; to teach as though the whole structure of civilization rested upon their teaching. What strength and blessing could come from such a resolve of the 29,784 visiting teachers.

If each teacher would say to herself, in the words of William Lyon Phelps, "I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race," she, too, would win.

The visiting teacher must know that teaching is a holy calling, and that the Lord will pay her well, not in silver or gold, but in the deep satisfaction that comes to her when she has done her duty. Hers is the person-to-person teaching, as was that of the Master. She can be a Relief Society missionary and an inspiration to the homes she visits, according to her spiritual attitude and the preparation she makes. So the visiting teacher plays her instrument

in the great symphony of the Church. May there be no discords in her contribution.

The Relief Society Magazine is carried to faraway lands. In every continent of the world, it spreads its spiritual message and interprets the urges, the longings, the spiritual needs of the women of our Church. It goes to the rich and the poor, the invalids, and those strong in body, to those who live in the shadow of the Church, and to those in remote sections of our own country. *The Relief Society Magazine* is a real messenger of Relief Society.

If we could see the authors who have contributed to our *Magazine*, we would see prophets of God, and others of our Church authorities; civic authorities, authors of note, world travelers, professors, doctors, business men, artists, poets, and many of the great women of the world.

What a wealth of the world's wisdom has been recorded in its pages —history, travel, philosophy, ethics, poetry, homemaking, health, skills of the hands, fiction, religion in its purest and most practical form, biography of the greatest lives ever lived, and words of Jesus. It contains a library of precious information.

There is no tangible source in existence which can fortify the visiting teacher more than the *Magazine*. It represents Relief Society in its completeness—the *Magazine* gives her official status. It helps the visiting teacher to feel the objectives of Relief Society; to strengthen the testimonies of the women; to strengthen Latter-day Saint homes; and to enrich the lives of women by providing opportunities for personal development.

The *Magazine* is an important tool for the visiting teacher. It educates her, gives her ideas and skill, trains her in power to think, and the power to do. It helps her to get and to keep the spirit of the gospel. It helps her to converse on the gospel messages—the principles of the gospel. It helps her to make careful and thorough preparation of messages, gems, and sermons. It helps her to understand women—to cultivate more sympathy in the homes she visits; helps her to notice more beauty; appreciate more fully the healthy-looking children she sees; the clean homes; the virtues of the women in the homes. It helps her to strengthen her testimony through the religious experiences and the faith-promoting accounts she reads.

In this one little *Magazine* there are messages which could fortify a visiting teacher for a lifetime.

No Relief Society member can afford not to read the organ of the organization. No visiting teacher can afford to be without the strength and preparation which the *Magazine* gives.

The mission of the visiting teacher is to "carry on." To her is entrusted a glorious work, a work unique and different from that of anyone else in the entire Church. To do it well, she must emulate the Savior. We can obtain perfection only by following in his footsteps.

May we appreciate the two missionaries of Relief Society more than we have ever done. May we realize the strength of their close companionship, and may we feel their influence in the homes of our Church so that the entire world will feel the influence of the Latter-day Saint homes, is my prayer.

Magazine Promotion

Ida Isaacson

Counselor, Wells Stake Relief Society, Salt Lake City

[Address Delivered at *Magazine* Section, Relief Society General Conference, October 2, 1946.]

WE, in Wells Stake, have tried to promote the *Magazine* in three ways:

1. By the use of visual aids, posters, slogans, booklets, etc.
2. By ward check ups on Rellief Society memberships and *Magazine* subscriptions.
3. By holding two well-planned *Magazine* meetings during the summer in our homes.

On June 13, the *Magazine* representatives and educational counselors came to the first meeting with a fairly accurate check up on the women in their wards. They had written down on slips of paper:

1. The number of Relief Society members in their wards.
2. The number of Relief Society members taking the *Magazine*.
3. The number of Latter-day Saint women in their wards.

On July 8, we held a second meeting for *Magazine* representatives only. And each was given a chart to fill out and return by September 1, which they did.

The detailed chart had eight questions to be answered by the *Magazine* representative:

1. Number of Relief Society members in your ward?
2. Number of Relief Society members taking the *Magazine*?
3. Number of Latter-day Saint women in your ward?
4. Number of subscriptions going outside the ward?
5. Number of subscriptions coming into the ward from other wards?
6. Number of non-members taking the *Magazine*?
7. Number of *Magazines* sent as gifts in your own ward?
8. Number of Relief Society working mothers?

This chart is proving to be an index to us of the women in Wells Stake. It shows that we have:

772 Relief Society members in Wells Stake
666 *Magazine* subscriptions
1592 Latter-day Saint women

The chart tells us that 106 of our Relief Society members are not represented by the *Magazine*, and further indicates that over half of our women are not members of the Society, or 820 are not members of the Society, and not represented by the *Magazine*. We found forty-one non-members were taking the *Magazine*, and thirty-seven *Magazines* were being sent out of the stake.

When the chart is completely finished, it will tell us more. It will tell us how many *Magazines* are being sent as personal gifts to members in the ward by members of the ward. And here, we believe, is a fertile field to work in. We can do something about these 820 women who are not Relief Society minded. Many of these women know very little about the Society or its work.

As a friend, a neighbor, a relative, a visiting teacher, we can give the *Magazine* to these homes. Each of us presenting a *Magazine* in one of these homes would produce a real showing.

The chart reveals a great deal of

fine work on the part of the *Magazine* representatives and educational counselors. For instance, one new ward has a membership of 101, and a *Magazine* subscription count of ninety-six. This *Magazine* representative is sixty-seven years of age, but she has had splendid help from her husband, who writes out all of her reports and takes them to the office. In fact, all of the husbands of *Magazine* representatives in Wells Stake have co-operated splendidly. And we do thank them.

One *Magazine* representative has a notebook, with the names and addresses of every Latter-day Saint woman in her ward, and needless to say, she knows her women. But, as she says, "I want to know them better." She doesn't have good health, but she uses the telephone, and also talks with her women wherever she meets them. Her achievement is one of the best, and her well-planned record is taking good care of the women in her ward.

In two new wards, the visiting teachers and presidencies have made calls on all Latter-day Saint women. This strengthens the cause of the *Magazine*, because it arouses enthusiasm among the women.

There are endless ways to attract attention to the *Magazine*—the use of visual aids, the telephone, personal calls, casual meetings; but, more than anything else, is a careful check up of our women and a consistent following through, until, by our interviews, we have placed the *Magazine* in all our Latter-day Saint homes.

Early this spring we recognized the value of visual aids. At a visiting teachers' convention each *Magazine* representative and educational counselor, working together, made a poster. We have placed these posters in our Relief Society rooms this summer, and this fall we will make new ones. Also, at this convention, we gave each woman a little book, in which about ten women had stated their personal opinions of the *Magazine*. Over 200 women attended the convention.

I might add that another exemplary way to attract attention to the *Magazine* is for mothers and grandmothers to occasionally have their daughters, or their nieces, read to them some bit from the *Magazine*. It would have a lasting influence.

I shall welcome the day when Junior and Gleaner Girls will be introduced to *The Relief Society Magazine* by their mothers.

Our goal in Wells Stake is to make the way a happy way for the receiving of the *Magazine*. We still have far to go, but we are getting a great pleasure out of promoting the *Magazine*.

OUR BABY

Rose Thomas Graham

Two starry-eyed forget-me-nots,
Two petal-puckered lips;
Ten pink coral beads for toes,
Ten pearl-drop finger tips;
This is the only kodak snap
We've taken of the little chap.

August Coolers

Sara Mills

IN our family we like company. Maybe it's a heritage from pioneer days when anyone who passed the door, stranger or friend, was invited in. For such company and the kind I invite by penny postal card or telephone, I keep on hand a number of cooling drinks that I can quickly bring out from the refrigerator and cupboard. They are not expensive—as expenses go these days—and they are decidedly delicious.

The grocery shelves are full of ingredients for making punch, sugar and all, ready to pour into glasses of ice water. They do very well in a pinch, or when your children bring their neighborhood friends in for a party drink.

As a foundation for homemade cooling drinks, I use lemon syrup. With a covered jar of this syrup in the back of the refrigerator, you are ready for anyone. Make this syrup by mixing the following ingredients together:

LEMON SYRUP

2 cups lemon juice
1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons grated lemon peel

You can combine this syrup with orange juice, pineapple juice, papaya juice (that one you *must* try), grape juice, or cherry juice. Do you know that the juice of those red pie cherries, picked in the back yard and bottled in your own kitchen, makes a drink that is superlative and entirely different? If you live where you can pick or buy a mango, peel it and force the pulp through a sieve. Use this pulp with water, the syrup, and orange juice. It is a drink to be remembered.

The lemon syrup goes well, too, with all those pure juices and nectars on the grocer's shelves: apple juice, apricot nectar, peach, plum, and pear nectar. It is a good idea to keep a can or two of these juices chilled, ready for instant use.

The flavor and sparkle of fruit drinks are improved by adding ginger ale or lime rickey.

My party list includes the following drinks, made with ginger ale:

* * *

½ cup lemon juice
1½ cups orange juice
3 cups cider
⅓ cup powdered sugar
3 cups ginger ale
Mix together and add ice cubes

This drink is good for winter parties, too. Don't forget that. If you care to add one cup of pineapple juice, it will improve the drink.

* * *

2 cups orange juice
½ cup lemon juice
sugar to suit
1 pint ginger ale
Mint garnish

* * *

Squeeze and strain 1 cup lime juice. Sweeten and pour into glasses partially filled with ice cubes.

Finish filling glasses with sparkling water or ginger ale.

* * *

1½ cups chilled grape juice
2 cups chilled grapefruit juice

Combine, and pour the mixture into glasses and fill with sparkling water, or ginger ale, if you prefer.

Grapefruit juice and ginger ale together also make a pleasant drink.

If you can get a fresh pineapple, here is a punch worth serving:

1 fresh pineapple
3 limes or lemons
4 oranges
2 quarts pure apple juice
1 bottle of sparkling water

First, cut the pineapple into small cubes. Mix the fresh pineapple juice with the lime or lemon juice and orange juice. Sweeten and add the apple juice and bottle of sparkling water. The pineapple cubes can then be added. The combination makes any punch bowl proud.

And now a grape juice drink:

4 cups grape juice
¼ cup lime juice
1 cup orange juice
1 cup water
Sugar to suit

If you need a nourishing milk drink and want a new taste, you might try this one:

1 pint of Postum made with milk
1 pint vanilla ice cream
Add vanilla ice cream to milk Postum and whip.

Now, to quickly make something to go with the drinks! The first suggestion is good for everyone. If you haven't made it many times, I'm sure you have eaten it at the neighbors'. It's simply the familiar graham crackers pressed together with a sweet filling consisting of powdered sugar mixed with any number of things. The preferred mix, with children, anyway, contains chocolate. If I am going to use the crackers within a few hours, I add a little cream and powdered chocolate or cocoa to the sugar. For variation, I omit the chocolate and use vanilla and a drop of mint. Orange juice, with a little of the orange rind, is good, too. You may use any jelly or jam you have on the shelf. The variations are many. Pop the filled crackers, covered, into the ice box, if you have the time before serving. If you don't want to serve sweet crackers, here is a mixture, even easier to make, to go on those round, crisp crackers:

Combine:
1 glass sharp, spreading cheese
1 cup chopped toasted almonds, or any other chopped nuts

For another quick treat, take a small square or wedge of creamed cheese and 2 tablespoons or so of crisp, crumbled bacon and about the same amount of chopped parsley. A few drops of Worcestershire sauce and a drop of Tobasco sauce help. For easier spreading, use a little milk.

For something more substantial, use whole-wheat bread and peanut butter. To the peanut butter, add some chopped green peppers and cucumbers. As one hears over the radio: "It's delicious. It's nutritious!"

SOUL FOOD

Myra Kirkman

Six stalks of rainbow gladioli
Arranged in a crystal bowl,
Do quite as well as white hyacinths
To feed my starving soul.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for October 1946, page 685.

ACTIVITIES FOR VISITING TEACHERS AND SPECIAL CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS

Photograph submitted by Rea Jorgensen

SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), VAN NUYS WARD VISITING TEACHERS ASSEMBLED AT A SPECIAL PARTY IN THEIR HONOR
February 14, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Hannah Malcolm; Eileen Smith; Marlene Colarusso; Joyce Swenson, youngest visiting teacher in San Fernando Stake; Anna Smith, oldest visiting teacher in Van Nuys Ward; Reve Daily; Nellie Splaine; Geneva Hart.

Second row standing, left to right: President Rea Jorgensen; Pearl Driggs; Bessie Rich; Helen Bennett; Stake President Mary E. Cutler; Phyllis Sorber; Edna McKinney; Cleo Hupp; Emily Gledhill; Second Counselor Margaret Rotz; Pearl Garrett.

Back row standing, left to right: Ruth Christensen; Katherine Poulter; First Counselor Cleone Hacking; Katherine Duke; Marjorie Felsted; Secretary Ericka Pohlman; Edna Homer; Viola Clarke; Ivie Jamison; Mary Smith; Lois Lewis.

REPRESENTATIVE VISITING TEACHERS

Photography submitted by Maude F. Hanks

A VISITING TEACHER FOR TWENTY YEARS

Anna S. D. Johnson of Capitol Hill Ward, Salt Lake Stake, has served as a visiting teacher for twenty years, including eighteen years of continuous service, without missing a single visit.

Photograph submitted by Louise Stephens

COMPANIONS FOR THIRTY YEARS

Sisters Lena Laughter and Lena Sutter, visiting teachers who have been companions for thirty years. They are members of Montpelier Fourth Ward, Montpelier Stake, Idaho.

Photograph submitted by Ada Stowell

A VISITING TEACHER FOR SIXTY-THREE YEARS

Sister Laura Waters, eighty-six years old, holding her great-grandchild. The photograph represents five generations: Laura Burr Waters, G. A. Waters, Clark Waters, Donna Waters Williams, and Janice Marie Williams.

Sister Waters began her duties as a visiting teacher at the age of twenty-two, in Burrville, Utah. She is the mother of nine children, forty-one grandchildren, seventy-nine great-grandchildren, and one great-great grandchild. At present Sister Waters is living in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Photograph submitted by Meda J. Allen

ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK SIXTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, March 3, 1947

The photograph shows only a small part of the extensive and beautiful bazaar, which featured many quilts, rugs, dresses, aprons, made-over clothing, and a large variety of exquisite handwork. Some of the women who contributed articles for the bazaar are seen standing back of one of the display tables. Added features, which made this an unusually successful bazaar, were a fish pond for the children, an apron and overall dance, and the cake and ice cream served for refreshments.

Photograph submitted by Evalina Payne

MOUNT GRAHAM STAKE, VIRDEN WARD (NEW MEXICO), RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 26, 1946

This is a composite photograph showing parts of three of the unusually attractive displays of this large and well-arranged bazaar. At the time the articles were made materials were scarce, and the women used great ingenuity and industry in securing cloth, thread, and trimming for the articles. Nearly all of the eighty-eight aprons on display were made from feed and flour sacks. They were trimmed with stenciling, applique prints, and embroidery. Thirty-eight pairs of hand-embroidered pillow slips were on sale. Many of these, also, were made from feed sacks. Dozens of scarves, luncheon sets, and crocheted articles formed a very attractive part of the bazaar. Nearly every one of the fifty-six members of the ward Relief Society contributed one or more articles. Sister Erma Stewart, President, Mount Graham Stake Relief Society, was present on this occasion.

Photograph submitted by Myra Patterson

EMIGRATION STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) ELEVENTH WARD CHURCH WELFARE ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED

Seated, center: President Alice Halgren; to her right, Myra Patterson, First Counselor and work director; to Sister Halgren's left, Sarah Morris, Second Counselor.

The Eleventh Ward was told it was the first ward in the Salt Lake Region to complete the 1947 Welfare sewing assignment which was turned in and accepted on March 12th, 1947. Sister Patterson, in reporting this achievement, comments: "In performing this requirement we made friends and formed ties of love and friendship that will last forever."

Photograph submitted by Carrie M. Linford

EMIGRATION STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) TWELFTH WARD FASHION SHOW, April 29, 1947

Front row, left to right: Sewing director Mary A. Coulam; Second Counselor Lynn Ferrell; President Carrie Linford; First Counselor Sarah Barrett; Secretary-Treasurer Pearl Oviatt; stake board member Sarah Jarrell; Stake President Louise Madsen; chorister Sadie Epperson.

Sewing director Clara Swan stands at the left in the second row, and First Counselor in the stake presidency Effie Yates stands third from the left in the fourth row.

Sister Carrie M. Linford, President, Twelfth Ward Relief Society, reports this very successful fashion show in which twenty five women modeled eleven dresses, five suits, three play suits, three coats, and fourteen hats that had been made by the women of the Relief Society during the sewing periods. The Welfare assignment, also, has been completed and some of the articles made for this project were on display at the fashion show. Some of the women modeled pioneer dresses for the occasion.

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH) ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL, 1947

The four St. George wards met in the West Ward chapel for an interesting program and social. Katherine M. Larson gave an account of the activities of the Relief Society in St. George Stake from the beginning to the present time. The Singing Mothers presented music for the occasion and a delicious lunch was served to more than 400 women.

Leila K. Atkin is president of St. George Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ella E. Pendleton

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), PAROWAN WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY YOUNG MOTHERS AT MARCH 17th CELEBRATION, 1947

Seated left to right: Fedora Stevens; Sarah Ann Stevens; Joe Mickelson; Sarah Hulet.

Standing left to right: Evaleen George and son Kenneth; Ruby Matheson and son Bevan; Cora Hulet and daughter Margaret; Beatrice Mickelson.

The Parowan West Ward has been emphasizing the importance of Relief Society attendance for young mothers. This interesting picture shows Sarah Ann Stevens, the oldest Relief Society member in the West Ward, an active member and visiting teacher, with four generations of her family, all regular attendants at Relief Society meetings. Sister Stevens is eighty-one years old. She has twelve children, forty grandchildren, and forty-one great-grandchildren.

Edna S. Hatch is president of Parowan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Gwendolyn Gwynn

WASHINGTON STAKE, NEWLY ORGANIZED ALEXANDRIA (VIRGINIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Naomi Clegg, assistant work director; Freida Lambert, work director; Evelyn Harrison, supervisor of visiting teachers; Elese Lundberg, First Counselor, Washington Stake Relief Society; Helen Gagon, President, Alexandria Branch Relief Society; Vivienne Woolley, First Counselor; Lyla Ashley, Secretary; Mary Hyde, stake theology leader; Gwendolyn Gwynn, President, Washington Stake Relief Society; Virginia Beal, theology leader.

This photograph, taken at the branch birthday party, March 19, 1947, shows some of the young mothers who are active workers in the new organization.

Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, HAMILTON (OHIO), BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL DINNER, March 19, 1947

The appointments and decorations for this dinner were unique and represented the journey of the pioneers across the plains in 1847. The place cards were little pioneer

women, about five inches high, each being dressed differently. Each little woman held a songbook, open to the page "Come, Come Ye Saints." The centerpiece was a covered wagon drawn by four wooden oxen. The details of the harness, yoke, and wheels were almost perfect. A pioneer woman sat on the driver's seat, driving the oxen. The food served at the dinner was all prepared in pioneer style, and nearly all of the women wore pioneer costumes.

This dinner was held at the home of the branch Relief Society president, Fern L. Wadsworth (standing first on the left). Sister Wadsworth, for many years an active worker in the Hamilton Branch, had directed much of the relief work and many hours of sewing were spent by the Relief Society sisters in the Wadsworth home. Sister Wadsworth passed away just ten days after this photograph was taken. Sister Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, paid tribute to Sister Wadsworth in these words: "Her life was spent for others and a more genuinely cheerful disposition I have never known."

Photograph, taken in 1896, submitted by Eden H. Powell

BRITISH MISSION, FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN LEEDS CONFERENCE, BIRKINSHAW, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

Front row left to right: First sister's name unknown; Treasurer Lily Mosley; Secretary Eden Hopwood Powell, now of Vernal, Utah, who submitted the photograph; Counselor Mary E. Evans; Mary E. Hustler.

Second row left to right: Sally Hewitt; Aunkie Wilmott; Mary Grechan; Leah Crowther; President Emma Hustler; Emma Walker; Maria Gommissal; Annie Evans; Sarah Briggs; Nancy Schofield.

Back row left to right: Mary Bland; Eunice Balm; Sister Pickup; M. A. Briggs; name unknown; Edith Ellerby; Annis Ellis; Annie Virr; Sarah J. Walker.

Martha Hopwood, mother of Sister Powell, was the first president of this Society. After her death she was succeeded by Emma Hustler. A faithful saint for many years, Sister Hopwood cared for the missionaries, sewed for them, and did their laundry. Her example in doing works of charity was a blessing to this early Relief Society and to all who knew her.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage)

Elder Don B. Colton

Lesson 2—"The Need of a Redeemer"

"The Antemortal Godship of Christ"

For Tuesday, November 4, 1947

Objective: To show that under the gospel plan a Redeemer was absolutely necessary; and that Jesus, our Lord, had attained Godship in an antemortal existence.

THE Latter-day Saints affirm a belief that the human race existed as spirit children of our Father in a primeval world as real as the one in which we now live. The belief is unique in the world but is amply supported by scripture. It has already been shown that free agency has always been and always will be an essential element in God's great plan.

Eternal progress and growth are also a part of the plan of the Holy One of Israel. A body of flesh and bones—a tabernacle—in which each spirit child might live, is essential to complete happiness. It has been revealed:

> For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy; and when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy (D. & C. 93:33-34).

> But behold, all things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things. Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy (II Nephi 2:24-25).

In that first estate, our Father, Elohim, knew us—his spirit children. He knew that some would be faithful and others would choose the path of destruction. He knew that in the body, we would meet temptation and sin and many would fail; all would come short of the glory of God, and, away from his presence, men would not progress but would retrogress. They must be helped if they were to gain salvation and final exaltation in the eternal worlds. Moreover, because of degeneracy and retrogression following the transgression of our first parents in the flesh, death would come into the world. While all the evil and sin that would come into the world were known by the Father, it must not be assumed that he caused them. He permits evil but shows us a way to avoid it. We have the right, however, to make the choice. We are free agents.

Under the plan adopted in the council in heaven, the spirit children of our Father were to come to the earth, created by Jesus, and take bodies. It must not be forgotten that we elected to do this with, at least, a partial understanding of the

consequences. Whatever was done was done that man might be. The Latter-day Saints reject the doctrine that the "fall of Adam" was the result of the breaking of a moral law. Adam and Eve were noble people, and will be honored and acclaimed as our first great parents in mortal life. They did, however, break a law of God with reference to their bodies. They were forbidden to partake of certain things which had been condemned. They were told if they took into their bodies certain foods, that their bodies would lose the power which they then held to live forever. Elder Talmage teaches that the fall was brought about by eating things unfit to be taken into the body, which things made the body a thing of earth.

Only immortal bodies or beings may dwell in the presence of God. When Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, they became mortal beings and fell from a higher to a lower estate, considering it from one standpoint, however, it was a state of advancement on the way of eternal progression. With this mortal state, death was inevitable, because mortality cannot put on immortality without it.

After the fall, and in accordance with the plan adopted by the council in heaven, Adam, and the woman given to him and who was an essential part of the plan, became subject to physical ailments and human frailties. They and their posterity —being mortal—were subject to temptation by Lucifer, whose lying and deceitfulness had beguiled Eve. Death, sickness, temptation, and sin came into the world.

It seems just and logical that only those who were responsible for the fall should pay the penalty attached to it. As Paul stated so plainly:

> Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. . . . Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life (Rom. 5:12, 18).

The atonement was made by the only One who was without sin and could pay the debt. We should not be puzzled because of vicarious work. In this case, it was "voluntary and love inspired." Latter-day Saints know that much of our temple work is vicarious. It, too, is love inspired. Much of the work of the world is done by agents. An eternal law had been broken, and there was but One who could pay the penalty. That One was the Only Begotten Son of God who was foreordained in the heavens for that work. He was chosen to do the work by Elohim—the greatest of all. "For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself" (John 5:26). Had he not come, man would have gone to his grave and the flesh "to crumble to its mother earth, to rise no more." The resurrection has come and will come to all as a glorious gift from the Son of God. (Read II Nephi, Chapter 9). Christ redeems us all from the consequences of Adam's transgressions and from our own sins if, with all our hearts, we accept him and obey his gospel plan. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (I Cor. 15:33).

The Antemortal Godship of Christ

This part of the lesson should be studied very carefully. It must be

borne in mind always that the Savior was ordained of the Father to do his mighty work. "It pleased the Father that in him [Christ] should all fulness dwell" (Col. 1:19).

Let us try to state it clearly. In the council held in the heavens "before the foundations of the earth were laid," the Savior was chosen and ordained to create the world:

> For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.
>
> And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell (Col. 1:16-19). (See also John 1:1-5, 14).

Having created the earth, Jehovah became its father, and we were translated by choice into his kingdom. He delivered us from the power of darkness. He bought us with a price, that is, we have "redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

Isaiah 9:6 tells us:

> For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Having created the earth, Jehovah became its Father. While upon earth, however, he instructed us that the title "Father" should be reserved for the Father of our spirits, Elohim. Jesus was, however, the Maker, the Organizer, the Creator of the heavens and the earth. He is referred to as the Father in that sense, but we must not confuse that title with the "Father of our spirits." A careful study of each context will show the difference.

That the Savior was in reality God the Creator is revealed in plainness in the Book of Mormon. Samuel, the prophet, said:

> And also that ye might know of the coming of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and of earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning; and that ye might know of the signs of his coming, to the intent that ye might believe on his name (Helaman 14:12).

Members should read also III Nephi 9:15. The same glorious truth is revealed in this dispensation by the voice of the resurrected Lord:

> Hearken, O ye people of my church, to whom the kingdom has been given; hearken ye and give ear to him who laid the foundation of the earth, and who made the heavens and all the hosts thereof, and by whom all things were made which live, and move, and have a being (D. & C. 45:1).

Upon another occasion, he said:

> Behold, I am Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, who created the heavens and the earth; a light which cannot be hid in darkness (D. & C. 14:9).

Jesus Christ is also the "Father" of those who abide in his gospel:

> In a revelation given through Joseph the Prophet to Emma Smith the Lord Jesus addressed the woman as "My daughter," and said: "for verily I say unto you, all those who receive my gospel are sons and daughters in my kingdom" (D. & C. 25:1).

A forceful exposition of this relationship between Jesus Christ and the Father and those who comply with the requirements of the Gospel as His children was given by Abinadi, centuries before our Lord's birth in the flesh: "And now I say unto you, who shall declare his generation? Behold, I say unto you, that when his soul has been made an offering for sin, he shall see his seed. And now what say ye? And

who shall be his seed? Behold I say unto you, that whosoever has heard the words of the prophets, yea, all the holy prophets who have prophesied concerning the coming of the Lord—I say unto you, that all those who have hearkened unto their words, and believed that the Lord would redeem his people, and have looked forward to that day for a remission of their sins, I say unto you, that these are his seed, or they are the heirs of the kingdom of God. For these are they whose sins he has borne; these are they for whom he has died to redeem them from their transgressions. And now, are they not his seed? Yea, and are not the prophets, every one that has opened his mouth to prophesy, that has not fallen into transgression, I mean all the holy prophets ever since the world began? I say unto you that they are his seed (Mosiah 15:10-13).

Doctrinal Exposition by the First Presidency and the Twelve, June 30, 1916.

See James E. Talmadge: *The Articles of Faith*, pp. 467, 468, 469.

Of Jesus Christ as the Father we read in the Doctrine and Covenants 93:2-4:

And that I am the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and that I am in the Father, and the Father in me, and the Father and I are one—the Father because he gave me of his fulness, and the Son because I was in the world and made flesh my tabernacle, and dwelt among the sons of men.

The treatise in the text on titles and names given to our Lord should be read. Here we need only give a word of warning against the too frequent use of the name Christ. That is a sacred title and is equivalent to Messiah, signifying the *Anointed One*. Too frequent use of the sacred names or titles should be avoided. We should mention the name-title, God the Eternal Father, most reverently. His firstborn in the spirit and Only Begotten in the flesh is Jesus Christ. These sacred names should never be taken in vain or spoken irreverently.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. State briefly the causes which made the coming of the Redeemer absolutely necessary if mankind is to be saved.
2. Discuss vicarious work and show how so much of the work of life is done by agents.
3. Give reasons why people should not indulge in profanity. Let your answers cover also other titles given to the Lord and show why each has peculiar significance.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 2—Colonization

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, November 4, 1947

Objective: To call attention to the outstanding ability of the pioneers as colonizers and empire builders.

AMONG the outstanding accomplishments of the Latter-day Saints are their projects in colonization. They are known the world over as successful and expert colonizers. Wherever they have settled, they have set out at once to build homes and communities, to over-

come frontier and desert environment, and to develop and utilize all available resources. Among the many factors in their success as community and nation-builders are their industry, diligence, and perseverance, and their ability to co-operate and to organize and utilize to the very highest degree all of their available manpower.

Dr. Thomas N. Carver, Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University, under the title "A Positive Religion," writes:

> One good way to study the art of nation-building is to study it in miniature. One can study it in miniature . . . in the Mormon colonies in Utah. I have long been interested in the Mormon policy. It is one of the most interesting and instructive experiments in the world. It throws a great deal of light on the art of nation-building . . . They (the Mormons) started with nothing and built a great and glorious commonwealth. They found a desert and made it bloom and blossom as the rose. Such things can be accomplished in only one way. That way is the economizing of man-power.

Dr. Carver points out that manpower may be economized by discovering hidden talent and giving it a chance to function; by co-operation, or by working together harmoniously for the common good, and also by cultivating sound personal habits among the people, all of which he says the Latter-day Saints do. He says also that those who waste their substance in riotous living are wasting more than wealth. They are wasting their own vital energy, their own manpower. He continues:

> I have never found more sound and wholesome personal habits than among the Mormons. I have never mingled with people who showed fewer signs of dissipation. I have never studied groups of people who seemed better nourished and more healthful. I have never known people who took more pains to educate their children. This gives a clue to the success of the Mormons as colonizers and nation-builders.

The ability of the Latter-day Saints to organize and utilize manpower was shown as the 148 pioneers began their journey across the plains in 1847. It was shown after they reached the Valley. Industry was the keynote, and the great object was that each family should become self-sustaining. Each group and each individual had definite tasks to perform. Everybody worked.

From the beginning the pioneers operated in harmony with the admonition of Paul: " . . . . this we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat" (II Thess. 3:10), and also with the revelation: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer" (D. & C. 42:42).

Suggestions for Discussion

Through questions and discussion, show:

a. Why the pioneers needed all manpower or working power of their men

b. Why talent was searched out

c. In what way habits of good living helped them.

Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal King! And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with gladness. Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord; and ye solid rocks weep for joy! And let the sun, moon, and the morning stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy! And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and ever! (D.&C. 128:23).

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Work Meeting Committee, Leone G. Layton, Chairman

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THE optional sewing course was introduced into Relief Society work meeting in 1946-47 in order to give to women who so desired opportunity to learn, under helpful supervision, the fundamentals of sewing. The General Board has been delighted with the accomplishments of the stakes and wards which have followed the recommended course. Women who had never before made clothing have learned to sew and many, more experienced sewers, have been enabled to add to their sewing skill by learning short cuts and new methods. Many homes have been benefited by this learning, and many children have taken pride in wearing the workmanship of their mothers' hands.

In view of the success and interest shown in the course, and because of a continued need, the General Board feels it advisable to outline a course for 1947-48. There are still many women in the Church who are unable to do their own home sewing and would welcome opportunity to learn. We urge those wards which have not, as yet, organized a sewing class to make every effort to do so. We feel that in addition to the benefit derived by the individual, there is benefit to the Society as well, in that the more women who become interested in sewing and acquire sewing skill, the more will be willing and able to help Relief Society fill its sewing requirements. The course is, however, for optional use by the wards and should in no way interfere with the necessary Welfare or Relief Society sewing.

The course, as outlined for 1947-48, will introduce material of proven benefit to women and will be suitable for classes just beginning, as well as provide additional instruction for more advanced sewers. It is the desire of the General Board that Latter-day Saint women learn to use those touches which make a garment look "not homemade but handmade."

The same textbook may be used as was recommended for 1946-47, *The Complete Book of Sewing*. In addition to this text, many fine and helpful articles may be found in pamphlets published by the various pattern companies and in current household magazines.

Eight lessons will be published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, from August through March. A ward which desires to do so may substitute a fashion show in place of one of the lessons.

The titles for the lessons are:

Lesson 1. *"Musts" for Success in Sewing*

Lesson 2. *Choosing a Pattern*
Suiting the pattern to the figure and the material.

Lesson 3. *Altering a Pattern to Suit Figure Types*
Enlarging or reducing to suit figure peculiarities.

Lesson 4. *Sleeve Fitting and Shoulder Pads*

Instruction on how to put a sleeve in an armhole, and on how to suit the type of pad to the garment.

Lesson 5. *Bias Cutting and Joining, Cording, and Facing*

Proper method of using bias for finishing.

Lesson 6. *Fitted Facings*

Learning to cut facings to properly finish faced edgings.

Lesson 7. *Plackets*

Commonly used plackets for adults' and children's garments.

Lesson 8. *Make Over Suggestions*

Lesson 1—"Musts" for Success in Sewing

Jean Ridges Jennings

EVERY woman who does her own sewing, whether she is a beginner or has had much experience, hopes to have her finished garment look as professional as possible. Many times her success or failure hinges on the little things, the details that are thoughtlessly slighted or unknowingly overlooked. Our aim in this lesson is to call attention to some points that are at all times important, but frequently neglected.

One of the first really important things to watch is the color of the thread. Be sure that it matches the material exactly after it is sewed. Thread stitches up lighter than it appears on the spool. A good rule to follow is to match the color of the highlight on the spool to the goods.

Use fine pins and needles to avoid making marks in the cloth while working on it.

The less a garment is handled in the making, the better it will look when completed. Repeated stitching and picking out to remedy mistakes give the cloth a worked-over look that detracts from its newness. So get the habit of basting well and freely to make sure machine stitching will be right before it is used. Then remove bastings in short pieces by cutting them at frequent intervals.

Pressing is all important. Be sure to press as you go. Follow the rule of never sewing over an unpressed seam. But before using the iron on a garment always make a test on a sample of material to determine what method of pressing is best. Many fabrics are injured by improper pressing. Most fabrics cannot be ironed directly. Many times moisture is harmful. Materials with a nap are more successfully pressed with two cloths, one dry, next to the material, one moist, over the dry. In some cases merely steaming with a moist cloth lightly touched by a hot iron is best. Make a test on the fabric with different methods and determine which is most satisfactory. Above all, avoid overpressing which gives a flat, shiny look.

Strive for absolute accuracy in all work. Follow pattern markings exactly so that pieces fit together in their proper proportion. Make a habit of always stitching out the full seam allowance on all seams, unless making allowance for fit. This cannot be stressed too much, because many garments are thrown completely out of line by deviating from the amount taken in at the seams.

Keep the garment hung on a clothes hanger at all times, and not just folded up. This saves repeated pressings, which take time and are hard on materials. Press as you go, and keep your dress properly hung, and it will always be pressed.

Remember there are two kinds of trouble—the trouble you take and the trouble you make. Have one, and avoid the other. Organize your work well in the beginning. Do all steps in their proper order. Take infinite pains. Remember—"If it's worth doing at all it's worth doing well."

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

Lesson 2—Literary Values of the Doctrine and Covenants

For Tuesday, November 18, 1947

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the elements of truth and beauty it contains.

ONE of the great lyric poets, John Keats, who died at twenty-six, left the world this immortal line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The oft-quoted Keats must have sensed his early death, for in his writings are found many hints of his love for life and many fears for its uncertainty. To compensate for worldly insecurities he wrote of steadfast stars, of autumn's constant hush, of night birds' returning songs. In his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, one senses the comfort he must have gained from knowing that such a work of art was not soon touched by time's on-moving hand, and that though the figures engraved upon its polished clay could never move, yet, also, was it true they would remain forever beautiful.

Along with the truths which great literature propounds, may, also, be found the beauty that lives in their discovery. So it is with scripture. For its full appreciation a reader must gain more than mere mastery of facts. He must be conscious of the creative power which directs the writing of lines, an immortal power which gives them immortal cast. Only in this way can the full joy of truth and beauty be known.

To the student of scripture there comes the double assignment. He must be enlightened with the doctrine of truth and to appreciate more fully its message to the heart, as well as the mind, he must know something of the form in which thoughts are expressed.

Our most modern scripture as understood by Latter-day Saints today is the Doctrine and Covenants. Within its inspired sections may be found the same power of literary excellence that characterizes the scriptures of old. One need not look far within its pages before he finds the marks of literary form which, if studied and understood even but briefly, will add to one's appreciation of its truth and beauty.

Let us, then, as students of literary values to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants, seek out a few of the most characteristic marks for our study. We need to know a few

of the signposts that point the way. In good literary form may be found such things as *economy of words, effective choice of words,* and the *forceful use of words in sentence patterns.*

To understand these values in scriptural reading is truly *to read literature,* rather than merely *to read about it.* For illustration consider the following oft-quoted selections from the Doctrine and Covenants in the light of the elements of good literary form just mentioned. Let us first consider *word economy.*

And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father *That by him and through him and of him,* the worlds are and were created; and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God (76:22-24).

Note the placement of the italicized phrases in the sentence. They are thrown ahead of a main thought which follows. A reversal of order would demand more words and lessen the effectiveness of the sentence pattern.

Another example of word economy:

Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God; For, behold, *the Lord your Redeemer* suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him (18:10, 11).

If the italicized phrases were to read as many writers would pen it, it would be as follows: "The Lord who is your Redeemer," etc.

In the following excerpt note the *word choice.* Catch the force of the italicized words which are struck with cutting edges:

How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints (121:33).

In the quotation below regard the force of *sentence pattern.* Note especially the skill with which the words of significant meaning are set at the beginning and ending of the sentence, thus keeping a balance of thought well knit within.

Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall be fulfilled (1:37).

Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness (13).

Economy, effect, and force play no small part in literary form. In all good writing these marks are found. The simple and direct style of the Doctrine and Covenants is in harmony with this thought. The beauty of truth is borne out in such writing.

With these thoughts in mind let us consider a characteristic literary pattern found in all true scriptural writing, that of *parallel structure.* In this Hebraic style an emphatic phrase is echoed several times throughout a passage with pleasing effect. The Doctrine and Covenants is characteristically Hebraic in style. Note:

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of righteousness is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (25:12).

Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet (58:21, 22).

Activities and Readings
For Appreciation

It is the purpose of this first lesson to present three elements of literary form: namely, skill in the use of *economy of words, effective choice of words,* and the *forceful use of words as employed in sentence patterns.* Also, has been mentioned the Hebraic form of writing known as *parallel structure.* To be aware of such factors in scriptural reading is to increase one's appreciation of its beauty.

Other literary values to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants will be treated in lessons that follow. For our opening study let us consider the word patterns of this modern scripture. Active study of the selections given below will disclose in them the many literary values discussed in the lesson. Let class members find those values within each selection that seem apparent. Have the *significant truth* of the passage commented upon first, and then indicate how the *form* in which the truth is given enhances its beauty.

Hearken, O ye people of my church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say: Hearken ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together. For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated. And the rebellious shall be pierced with much sorrow; for their iniquities shall be spoken upon the housetops, and their secret acts shall be revealed. And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days. And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them (1:1-5).

Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming (2:1-3).

Require not miracles, except I shall command you, except casting out devils, healing the sick, and against poisonous serpents, and against deadly poisons; And these things ye shall not do, except it be required of you by them who desire it, that the scriptures might be fulfilled; for ye shall do according to that which is written (24:13, 14).

Wherefore, be not deceived, but continue in steadfastness, looking forth for the heavens to be shaken, and the earth to tremble and to reel to and fro as a drunken man, and for the valleys to be exalted, and for the mountains to be made low, and for the rough places to become smooth—and all this when the angel shall sound his trumpet. But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose. Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together unto the place which I have appointed (49:23-25).

Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward (58:27-28).

I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise (82:10).

Therefore, verily I say unto you, my friends, call your solemn assembly, as I have commanded you. And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing; and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God; That your incomings may be in the name of the Lord; that your outgoings may be in the name of the Lord; that all your salutations may be in the name of the Lord, with uplifted hands unto the Most High. Therefore, cease from all your light speeches, and from all laughter, from all your lustful desires, from all your pride and light-mindedness, and from all your wicked doings. Appoint among yourselves a teacher, and let not all be spokesmen at once; but let one speak at a time and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege. See that ye love one another; cease to be covetous; learn to impart one to another as the gospel requires. Cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault one with another; cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated (88:117-124).

And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen (89:18-21).

Wherefore, fear not even unto death; for in this world your joy is not full, but in me your joy is full. Therefore, care not for the body, neither the life of the body; but care for the soul, and for the life of the soul. And seek the face of the Lord always, that in patience ye may possess your souls, and ye shall have eternal life. When men are called unto mine everlasting gospel, and covenant with an everlasting covenant, they are accounted as the salt of the earth and the savor of men; they are called to be the savor of men; therefore, if that salt of the earth lose its savor, behold, it is thenceforth good for nothing only to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men (101:36-40).

As a second activity have each member of the class choose a favorite passage of her own to discuss in the manner outlined above.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 2—Honesty

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 25, 1947

Objective: To show that honesty is fundamental to an upright character, and that teaching of this principle and a consistent example set by daily living must be given children in the home.

IN a chemistry class in college the students were assigned several experiments to work out and hand in by the end of the term, in order to complete a certain unit. As they were finished and handed in, the experiments were checked off in the professor's roll book and posted on the bulletin board each month. Early in the second month, Tom

Russell's name appeared on the list, but Tom had not completed those experiments. For several days he pondered this occurrence and was tempted to let it pass. Under the circumstances, no one would know or question the fact that the work had not been handed in, and he would avoid many, many hours of tedious study. At last, however, his sense of honor triumphed. He went to the professor and explained that there had been a mistake, that he had not completed the experiments and was ready to proceed immediately on the assignment.

Many people think the only point that matters is whether or not one gets caught in a dishonest act. They are fooling only themselves with this philosophy. There is One who always knows, to whom we must some day account for all our actions. And even if an evil act apparently escapes detection, it leaves a mark upon the soul which cannot be erased. A proverb of old says: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches" (Prov. 22:1).

It is a high compliment to be known as an honest man, and too much emphasis cannot be made upon this basic principle of living:

J. P. Morgan once loaned a large sum of money to a man who had very little collateral to offer as security. He was questioned for this apparent rashness. Morgan answered that he made the loan because of the man's reputation over a long period, for his high honor and integrity. When asked if collateral was not also important, Morgan replied he would not loan even a single dollar to a man he could not trust, regardless of his collateral (Dr. Franklin L. West: "Church Section," *The Deseret News*, March 30, 1946).

Integrity, or honesty, is fundamental to the structure of our society. Business is dependent upon the honesty of the individual members of society. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent of our modern business is done on credit, which simply means that people are assumed to be as good as their word.

In his book *Fundamentals of Prosperity*, Roger W. Babson relates the following incident:

While on a recent visit to Chicago, I was taken by the president of one of the largest banks to see his new safety deposit vaults. He described these—as bank presidents will—as the largest and most marvelous vaults in the city. He expatiated on the heavy steel doors and the various electrical and mechanical contrivances which protect the stocks and bonds deposited in the institution.

While at the bank a person came in to rent a box. He made the arrangements for the box, and the box was handed to him. In it he deposited some stocks and bonds which he took from his pocket. Then the clerk who had charge of the vaults went to a rack on the wall and took out a key and gave it to the man. . . . The man then put the box into one of the steel compartments, shut the door and turned the key. He then went away feeling perfectly secure on account of those steel doors and various mechanical and electrical contrivances existing to protect his wealth.

I did not wish to give him a sleepless night so I said nothing; but I couldn't help thinking how easy it would have been for that poorly-paid, hunchbacked clerk to make a duplicate of that key before he delivered it to the renter of that box. With such a duplicate, the clerk could have made that man penniless within a few minutes after he had left the building. The great steel door and the electrical and mechanical contrivances would have been absolutely valueless.

Of course the point I am making is that the real security which that great bank in Chicago had to offer its clientele lay not in the massive stone columns in front of its structure, nor in the heavy steel doors; nor the electrical and mechanical contri-

vances. The real strength of that institution rested in the honesty—the absolute integrity—of its clerks (pp. 13-15).

What Statement Do We Have Which Shows the Latter-day Saint Belief in Honesty?

As Latter-day Saints we believe in adhering to honesty in all its varied phases. The Prophet Joseph Smith, in giving a brief summary of our beliefs, stated, among other things, "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men . . . ." (13th Article of faith).

What Does It Mean to Be Honest With One's Self?

Being honest with one's self is a noble ambition. It means living up to one's highest ideals. It means not succumbing to petty practices (even though they might never be discovered by others) that may jeopardize one's reputation or character, or that may injure someone else. It was Shakespeare who said: "To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man." No matter what the world thinks of us, we must live with ourselves and a clear conscience is worth more than all the money or power in the world. The business man who misleads or overcharges and then salves his conscience with the doctrine that such practices are necessary in business, is untrue to himself and to others. The politician who shifts and stalls to keep in the good graces of different groups, that he may benefit personally, is a menace to society. The person who adroitly phrases a statement to give the wrong impression is untruthful in a very cowardly way. William George Jordan says:

He who is careless of his appointments is the thoughtless thief of another's time. The man who makes truth his watchword is careful in his words, he seeks to be accurate, neither understanding nor overcoloring. He never states as a fact that of which he is not sure. What he says has the ring of sincerity, the hallmark of pure gold. If he praises you, you accept his statement as "net," you do not have to work out a problem in mental arithmetic on the side to see what discount you ought to make before you accept his judgment. His promise counts for something. . . , His honesty is not policy. The man who is honest merely because it is "the best policy" is not really honest, he is only politic. Usually such a man would forsake his seeming loyalty to truth and would work overtime for the devil—if he could get better terms.

Man is usually loyal to what he most desires. The man who lies to save a nickel, merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor. He who sacrifices his ideals, truth and character, for mere money or position, is weighing his conscience in one pan of scale against a bag of gold in the other (*The Power of Truth*, pp. 5-8).

Can the Golden Rule Be Used as a Guide to Honesty?

The Savior gave us a yardstick with which to measure honesty. It is so simple that even a child can understand it, and yet the whole world is suffering today from the lack of its application. It is stated in what is commonly referred to as the Golden Rule: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. . ."

Is it a Form of Dishonesty to Neglect Church Obligations?

One phase of dishonesty is revealed in the matter of how we carry out our obligations to the Lord, although many do not look upon it in that light. When we become members of the Church, we are under ob-

ligation to support the Church by attending sacrament meetings, the payment of tithes, and living upright lives. When we receive the Priesthood or are appointed to any office we assume other obligations, the performance of which is entirely dependent upon our own honesty. To fall down on these responsibilities is to be untrue to those obligations.

How May We Teach Honesty at Home?

The foundation for honesty should be laid very early in a child's life. From its very infancy a child should be shown the straightforward way. Example is always better than precept. A child is very quick to see any inconsistency between the spoken word and the actions of his parents. The procedures in the little happenings of everyday life sink deep into a child's consciousness. Parents must live the truth if they desire their children to do so. A mother cannot successfully teach honesty at home and then lie about the child's age when buying a ticket to a movie. A mother cannot give a visitor a false impression and expect the child to be frank and trustworthy in his expressions. If a child returns from the store with more money than is due, he should be told to return it immediately. If he is found to have in his possession a toy which does not belong to him, he should take it back. Do not scold and reprimand with anger. Gently explain that one must not take that which belongs to someone else as it is not right nor fair to others. It is well to have a child account for money given him to buy groceries or to make other purchases and to give him an allowance for personal needs. It is well to keep in mind that one act of dishonesty may wreck the confidence which it has taken years to build. Therefore no promise should ever be given to the child with the intention of pacifying him for the moment. Punishment or reward should follow the promise as sure as the rising of the sun. Then the child will understand that his promises, too, are not to be idle words but something to be depended upon.

What Is the Proper Treatment for Lying?

A child should not be scolded and threatened for telling a lie. Lying is not a disease but a symptom. There is always a reason for a lie. It may be because of fear, to escape punishment, or to cover up some deficiency. It may be the result of a desire for praise or an urge to gain recognition from one's friends. It may even be an overabundance of imagination which leads a child on and on in a recital of some fantastic story.

If, through careful observation and kind treatment, the reason for the lie can be detected, then some corrective measure may be taken and a cure effected. Perhaps a child needs a little spending money of his own, or more praise and encouragement at home. Maybe he needs an opportunity to excel in something that he might make a favorable impression on his associates. Perhaps he needs help with his studies or training in courtesy or any number of things which would help him to feel secure and at peace with the world and his associates. J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation once made this statement: "If I had a son I would be afraid. He would never

catch me in a lie because I would never tell one." He added, also, that criminals have one thing in common —they are all liars. Angelo Patri says:

A child of five has no concept of truth for truth's sake. That is a concept of a matured mind and spirit. It comes late to most of us. There are some of us to whom it never comes. It is too much to expect of a little child. Truth-telling must be made beautiful, rewarding, before he can be expected to practice it much, especially in the face of fear. A frightened child has lost his grip on his mind and must fall back on his instinct for self-preservation. . . . The sure child, the one secure in his faith in his people, is much more able to see and tell the truth.

Go gently with this trait of childhood. Listen. Try to find what moved the child to the wrong expression. Set the stage for truth by gentleness, by faith in the child's fundamental honesty, by patient listening and more patient correction.

"We should ever speak the truth—but only in love and kindness. Truth should ever extend the hand of love; never the hand clenching a bludgeon.

"No matter what price a man may pay for the truth, he is getting it at a bargain" (William George Jordan: *The Power of Truth*, pp. 18, 19).

Additional Reference

Dr. Harold T. Christensen: "Honesty, the Core of Character," social science lesson published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1945, pp. 59-63.

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Where sunshine like a halo falls
On ripening grain, now bending low.

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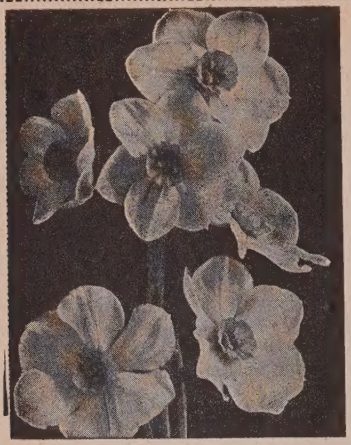

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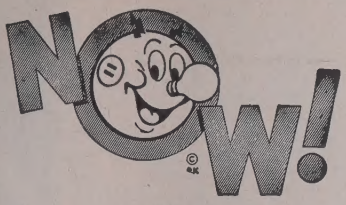

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